

THE CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO. By Paul Bourget.

3013



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FROM BEGINNING
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THE CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO.*

Everything has been said, and said again, concerning the great poet whose first centenary France is now celebrating, from the far-off years at the beginning of the Restoration, when Chateaubriand baptized him with the precociously glorious surname of the "sublime child," until the present day when one can find nothing about him unpublished except his household account books. It seems, however, that this astonishing persistence of Victor Hugo's renown in a century which has produced so many celebrated men has not sufficiently impressed the critics. The greatest literary geniuses of this epoch, whether they be called Chateaubriand or Lamartine, Alfred de Musset or Balzac, Stendhal or George Sand, all have known alternations in their fame. Some, vehemently praised at their first appearance, have been subjected afterwards to a disparagement as extreme as the favor of which they had formerly been the objects. Others, unrecognized at first, have been lauded late in life, or after death, with excessive effusion. Hugo is the only French writer of our age who kept during sixty years the prestige of an uninterrupted fame and has, seventeen years after his

death, a *repute* equal to that which he enjoyed while living. Perhaps it will be not without interest to indicate here some of the reasons which explain this evident anomaly. It will give an opportunity to set forth some of the essential traits of the poet, and also some of the peculiar characteristics of the contemporary French spirit.

The first of these reasons appears to lie in a faculty of adaptation which the poet himself recognized as his own when he spoke in the "Feuilles d'Automne" of

*Son âme aux mille que le Dieu que j'adore
Mit au centre de tout comme un écho sonore.*

When we seek, indeed, the distinctive quality of Victor Hugo's genius, we find that it consisted above all in an unequalled power of expression. Nature endowed him with a gift of language which no other literary artist of our race has ever surpassed. His inventive faculty was, on the contrary, of a somewhat inferior order. If we except "Le Gavroche" in "Les Misérables," we do not find that he develops among the innumerable personages of his romances and dramas; a single really new and typical individuality.

* Translated for The Living Age by Estelle M. H. Merrill ("Jean Kincaid").

He had not the faculty of the creator of character; he did not have even that of the inventor of plots. When he composed, with an art which left the model far behind him, "Les Odes et Ballades," Casimir Delavigne had already published "Les Messénienes." "Les Orientales" appeared after the Poems of Byron; "Cromwell" was conceived after the great historical plays of Shakespeare; "Notre Dame de Paris" he owed to Scott; "Hernani" was derived from the Spanish theatre; "La Légende des Siècles" had its origin in the Song of Roland; and "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," as Veullot has shrewdly remarked, imitate the songs of Heinrich Heine. "Les Misérables," without doubt, never would have been known save for "Les Mystères de Paris," nor "Quatre-Vingts-Treize" without "Les Chouans." These simple comparisons show conclusively that the proper domain of Victor Hugo is in the magic of style, in the most profound sense of that word. The least phrase from his pen produces at once the effect of an etching. In his mighty hand the most commonplace subject becomes vital and significant. His least page of prose or of verse is like the smallest piece of stone touched by the chisel of Michael Angelo.

The power of expression—it is necessary to return to this term which explains itself—is felt at once to be of an incomparable grandeur. Such it was in his first poems, in the "Deux Iles," for example, when he used, to depict the fall of Bonaparte, this startling figure:—

Il faudrait pour frapper cet aigle dans
son aire
Que la foudre put remonter . . .
La foudre remonta . . .

Such you recognize it in the last poems, when, for example, on the occasion of the death of Théophile Gau-

tier, speaking of his companions in the strife all departed before him, he cries:—

Dieux! quel sinistre bruit font dans le
crépuscule
Les chênes qu'on abat pour le bûcher
d'Hercule.

Here is an instance to verify one of the most constant of the laws of our literary history, and to show once more how talent is veritably a living thing, submissive to the same conditions as all living creatures. It possesses an instinct of conservatism which makes it seek in almost unerring fashion the elements best fitted to permit its full development. It is very certain that Victor Hugo never made himself the subject of an analysis sufficiently unbiased to teach him that his power of expression was superior to his ability to feel and to think. He proceeded, however, as though he had thus closely estimated himself, and he put this extraordinary talent for "rendition" at the service, not of his own thoughts and sentiments, but of the sentiments and thoughts of his time. He went at the outset, to seek inspiration in that great collective spirit which is an epoch. Very naturally, in his first youth, when a breath of political and religious restoration passed over France, he responded to its influence and composed his first "Odes" and his first "Ballades." Not less naturally, when the prestige of the Napoleonic epic had begun to bewitch the French imagination, he found himself liberal and Bonapartist after the fashion of the times; to end, when the revolutionary fever had again seized the country, with the democratic and socialistic volumes of his later years.

It is very probable that any other would have been held to strict account for a series of *volte-faces* so little disguised. Victor Hugo's absolute sincerity averted from him all suspicion of

palinody. He appeared, in the successive stages of his work, as the accomplice of France herself, since she also followed a line of evolution quite similar. This almost unconscious plasticity of his genius made him the herald of a century which he neither led nor followed. He accompanied it.

It is said that during Victor Hugo's last sojourn in Paris, from 1870 to his death, his favorite pastime was to mingle with the crowd, sometimes walking in the suburbs, sometimes riding upon the top of an omnibus. This story is, in the nature of things, more or less doubtful, as it is well known that reminiscences of celebrated men easily become legendary. But it gives a striking picture of the mental attitude of Hugo. Intellectually and morally, all his life, he wished to be an up-to-date Frenchman (*un français à la date du jour*). "O insensé qui crois que je ne suis pas toi!" This singular phrase from the preface of the "Contemplations" should be inscribed as an epigraph upon all his work. It is the secret of his prodigious *vogue* with the mass of the people, even as the technical superiority of the composition remains the secret of the prestige which his work keeps with more cultivated readers.

And here is a second reason for the *éclat* so exceptional from which this glory radiates. Ordinarily there is a complete divorce between the opinion of the multitude and that of the initiated concerning celebrated artists. These acquire *vogue* habitually by a certain laxness of their work ("lâché" à leur "faire"). It is necessary to use here professional terms to define a quality entirely professional. The verbal genius of Victor Hugo, which has no other comparable to it in all French literature save that of Rabelais, preserved him from this weakness, which was that of the admirable poet, far superior to him in the rush and spontane-

ity of emotion, Alfred de Musset. Even Hugo's pamphlets and those compositions most obviously addressed to the people—"Les Chatiments," for example, and "Napoléon le Petit"—are written with a picturesqueness of words which make lovers of style delight in them, whatever may be their reservations as to the violent and unjustifiable partisanship which they express. The famous stanzas upon the bees:—

Chastes buveuses de rosée
Qui pareilles à l'épousée
Visitez les lys du côteau . . .
Envolez-vous de ce manteau . . .

may be given as a magnificent example of this astonishing quality of speech, so aristocratic, so rare, and put at the service of an inspiration wholly demagogic.

In "Les Misérables," too, you will find a sense of words so faultless and so fine, a mastery so sovereign of our French prose, a firmness so classic even in its most unrestrained boldness, that, were you a disciple of Joseph de Maistre and Bonnald, persuaded of the radical error of all romance, you could not fail to delight in this perfect art. You would applaud, pardoning the narrator the paradox of his thesis because of the charm of his manner. Meanwhile the laborer, haunted by chimeras, who dreams of a complete overturning of society, hypnotizes himself with Jean Valjean, the Bishop Miriel and Enjolras. The meeting of these two sorts of admiration around the same work, is unique in the history of our literature. It is not certain that it will last forever. I note in a work, the most exact perhaps, that we have upon Socialism in France—"Les Essais sur le Mouvement Ouvrier," by M. Daniel Halévy—this very suggestive remark, apropos of the conference organized in the popular universities: "The name of God is so detested there that even the reading of

Victor Hugo's poems becomes uncomfortable." There are, indeed, in the republican conception of the poet, remaining to the end so vigorously spiritual, many elements which contrast completely with the brutal materialistic millenarianism of the revolutionaries of to-day. It is just to add that these, in their turn, have given him till now and will give him in the *fêtes* of to-morrow, indulgence for this divergence through pride in having with them a genius whose superiority is recognized even by the most fastidious representatives of the society which they dream of destroying.

I used just now the word "classic," applied to this talent which presented itself, at the outset, as the most irreconcilable of innovators. The young *bouzingots* who went in 1830 to exchange blows with the champions of traditional art in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, at the first representation of "Hernani," would have been astonished indeed if any one had predicted that the author of this daring drama would one day be counted by the critic as in the direct line of that tradition. There, however, lies one of the most essential points to be considered by any one who would fix the actual place of Victor Hugo's work. It is only too evident that certain of the traits which characterize the French genius were absolutely lacking in him. He had neither the taste of a La Fontaine, or of a Racine, nor the sobriety of a La Bruyère, nor the lightness of the jester of "Candide." Perhaps these diverse qualities are not so essential to our national literary spirit as those three others, inherited directly from the Latins—composition first, clearness next, and last the art of oratorical development. There is not one of the great writers of our race who has not possessed these three gifts in the highest degree; and in spite of his apparent revolt against rules, Vic-

tor Hugo always remained faithful to this triple law; his shortest poems as well as his largest romances being ordered with a symmetry which connects and subordinates the parts the one to the other after a most easily discerned plan. His mania for antithesis, with which he has been so much reproached, served only to strengthen this impression of order. Even in his most apocalyptic fragments he remains perfectly and continuously intelligible.

To these different causes for his fame, which all touch upon the essence of Victor Hugo's genius, it is proper to add some more accidental. In every great success there is a large proportion of true desert, there is a small proportion of chance. It was a chance that Victor Hugo lived to such an age that he enjoyed the veneration with which an old man is inevitably surrounded, to the very period when France, just emerging from terrible tests of her endurance, must feel especial gratitude to the survivor of his mighty generation for the laurel which he laid on her still bleeding wounds. It is a chance that the centenary of his birth falls in this year 1902, when the causes of discord are many among us, the causes of union rare, so that his genius, already become a part of the inheritance of our national glories, may serve as an instrument for a momentary reconciliation of all citizens. It is a chance that the dominant form of politics is that which he defended from 1850, so that the official homage will accompany very naturally the spontaneous tribute of the country. It is a chance finally—very slight, but it has nevertheless its importance—that the festival falls in this month of February, 1902, at the end of one legislature, and before the ardor of elections has again enfevered us. The line which Sainte-Beuve addressed to Lamartine—then at the zenith of his fame—"O grand homme! homme heu-

reux?"—it is to Hugo that he should have written it. It is but just to add that the poet merited this good fortune by one of the most courageous labors to which a pen-worker ever bound himself, in a century which has known Scott and Balzac. The years will pass on. The revolutionary ideal to which Hugo devoted his muse will without doubt be viewed some day in quite another light by a France returned to the eternal social verities. In the enormous mass of these verses, these dramas and these romances, a separation will be made between the best and the less good, and the waste may be

greater than the extreme enthusiasm of to-day anticipates.

But beside the fact that masterpieces without a blemish, "Ruth et Booz," "La Rose de l'Enfante," "A celle qui est restée en France," and many others, assure to the poet an undisputed place among the great masters of his art, those who belong to the cult of Letters will keep for him always beside their admiration a real reverence because of the magnificent example of sustained will power which he gave for sixty years and which made him in the sense in which Carlyle uses the expression, a true literary hero.

Paul Bourget.

The London Times.

ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance is the first definite, public and intelligible measure taken by his Majesty's Government to avert the cataclysm in Eastern Asia which thoughtful minds have been for many years anticipating—a cataclysm whose form and conditions the wisest have been the most reserved in forecasting, but which would be likely enough to obliterate existing international landmarks and create a congenial chaos for certain ambitions to bustle in. The object, therefore, of the treaty of January 30 is beyond praise; and, what is most important, there is in this case no room for doubting the good faith of the parties, or their perfect agreement in the purposes and meaning of their contract. In this respect the Anglo-Japanese Treaty stands on quite a different plane from all intermediate attempts to deal with the seven-year-old Chinese crisis. Without particularizing the various "conventional arrangements" referred to by Lord Cranbourne in his speech in the

House of Commons on February 13, we may say generally that, where not tainted by palpable insincerity or scarcely veiled chicanery, they fall into the general category of pious hopes, which each of the Powers concerned might interpret to its separate advantage or disregard at its pleasure. The new treaty, on the other hand, is a business document, and with a loaded cartridge at its tail, a direct appeal to force which is not to be disposed of by a shrug; it has to be made note of by all whom it concerns.

The avowed and the real object of the two high contracting parties is the preservation of the integrity of China—an object in which they are both interested, though not entirely in the same sense, as we shall presently explain. The first point of criticism of the transaction which naturally arises is that taken by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords. Why was it not done sooner, during the "two or three years" when Lord Rose-

bery has been saying that we ought to cultivate closer relations with Japan? During that period China has been disintegrating at a rapid rate. The Western Powers have been pulling her limb from limb, while injecting into her tissues foreign substances tending to decompose her whole internal structure. The remedy being preventive, not curative, comes late; the things that should have been prevented have already happened; and there is no provision in the treaty for restoring, but only for maintaining, the *status quo* as it now exists. There is no doubt a sufficient answer to this very obvious criticism. For one thing, it requires two to make a bargain; and even a Japanese defensive alliance does not hang like a ripe apple on a tree ready to drop into the first open mouth. There were conditions and consequences attaching to so unique a proceeding (some of them adumbrated by Lord Rosebery, who, however, was careful, as becomes a critic, not to commit himself to anything definite), which the Government of the British Empire were bound to take into their gravest consideration. It was not an engagement to be entered upon unadvisedly, lightly or wantonly, and time was absolutely essential to the maturing of the terms of so solemn a compact. Perhaps the time when a really effective Anglo-Japanese combination might have forestalled many of the regrettable occurrences which have brought Chinese affairs to their present pass was anterior to the "two or three years" of Lord Rosebery's unofficial activity; and before closing we may have occasion to carry his lordship's memory back to the period when he occupied a position of greater responsibility than he has since done.

When all is said in its favor, however, the fact remains that the treaty does wear the aspect of the locking of the door when the stable has been half emptied. Its value must depend on

the two considerations—what it may save from the remainder of the wreck, and whether the prospective gain outweighs the cost of the undertaking. We have heard what the devil's advocates in Parliament and the press have had to say in disparagement, and it is, with one or two exceptions, mostly vapid stuff from which not the slightest enlightenment is to be obtained; and we have also had the advantage of reading the mixed comments of the foreign press, showing on the whole a broader outlook over the field than our own, but owing to their several biases, giving us only a will-o'-the-wisp guide to the centre of the maze.

We are consequently thrown back on those patent facts of the situation which, though complex in their effects, are simple enough in their essence and origin. The greatest social organism on the face of the earth is China, where some hundreds of millions of civilized, educated, clothes-wearing, laborious and trading people offer the strongest incentives to foreign commerce. Great Britain, the first to seriously occupy the ground, has carried on a large and lucrative trade with China, to the mutual benefit of the two parties. The policy of England has ever been an open door for all, and her neighbors have freely entered by the door she opened. They envied her success, as was natural and human, and set to work to supplant her, first by fair competition, but afterwards by violence in the seizure of Chinese territory, by extorting from the Government, under threats, exclusive concessions, and sundry other encroachments on the sovereignty of China. By such means they opened for themselves new doors, which they proceeded to bolt and bar against their neighbors—especially scheming for the exclusion of England, the most formidable of their rivals. England had treaties with China which protected her against such exclusion;

but the Christian Powers, her neighbors, compelled China by violence to break her engagements. The foreign Powers chiefly affected by these proceedings were Great Britain and the United States, and latterly Japan; but these Powers opposed no counter violence to the aggressors; they contented themselves with uttering platitudes about the integrity of China, in which the destroyers of that integrity were quite pleased to join. For these latter were busy cutting sirloins out of the live ox, and the longer the beast could be kept on its legs the better for them. The cry "Hands off!" was therefore meant for everybody else, only that the shouters might enjoy the freer use of the knife. Thus the professions of conservative sympathy for China made by Germany, Russia and France have gone hand in hand with the most trenchant attacks on the integrity of that empire, and wholesale appropriations of her soil. Under cover of no matter what agreement for common action, the three Powers have distinguished themselves by the pursuit of special schemes of their own. Even in the crisis of 1900, when, on the grounds of urgent humanity, large forces were assembled in China and placed under a German field-marshall, no sooner was the roof lifted than it was discovered that the allied forces were being exploited for the purposes of separate aggressions on the part of individual Powers. This action was in perfect accord with the program indiscreetly disclosed by the German press at the time when the expeditionary force was despatched, the sole pretext for the equipment of the force, the crisis in Peking, being already over. The German troops were to support a policy of adventure, and to enable Germany to play some bold stroke in China for her own behoof. The non-aggressive and conservative Powers might be excused for feeling

aggrieved at the unfair advantage which was thus intended to be taken of the presence of their forces; but with regard to these proceedings as well as to all that had gone before, so long as they restricted their remonstrances to whispered moralities, they interposed no effective obstacle to the schemes of the more self-asserting Powers. Abstinence and neutrality were simply nowhere in the competition with resolute concrete ambitions, and the futility of mere words against solid facts and strenuous action having been fully demonstrated, the Powers concerned in the conservation of China had reached a point when they must either abandon their policy or support it by a force which would be a match for the forces which were arrayed on the other side. Whether this new efficient force has been actually found in the combination effected between Great Britain and Japan is the real point for consideration. All we can positively say at present is, that there is a certain presumption in favor of a bargain whereby each party pledges itself to the other to take up arms in certain contingencies in defence of principles which they have declared that they hold in common.

And it entirely accords with the fitness of things that the Powers which have taken their stand before the world as the champions of Chinese integrity should be just those two which have assumed that responsibility. For their interests are, if not identical, at least harmonious, or perhaps we might rather say they are mutually complementary. Great Britain's stake in the fortunes of China is represented by the very large trade which she has patiently built up during two generations. It is therefore a clearly defined commercial interest which she is called upon to defend. And if, indirectly through the operations of the agreement, remoter questions should here-

Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

after loom over the horizon, such contingencies are too far-fetched to influence our judgment of a compact entered into for a specific purpose and for a definite period. Japan, while sharing to some extent in this commercial interest, is, besides, vitally concerned in the Far Eastern problem by her geographical position, and by the great progress both in peaceful industries and in military and naval developments which she has made during the last forty years. It is not, perhaps, putting the matter too strongly to say that the very existence of Japan as an independent nation is at stake, and that to find some means of checking the inundation which threatens to sweep the Eastern Continent was for her a matter of life and death. Compared with these two Powers, the interest of all others who may be ranked on the conservative side of things sinks into platonic insignificance, and the views of the best of them, whether for or against the combination which has been made, are consequently of little account. The important question is not what friends or foes may think or say, but whether the Anglo-Japanese Treaty will prove efficacious for the purpose for which it has been framed. That is the question which must constantly recur so long as the treaty remains in operation. The text bears on its face the evidence of most careful editing, and the obligations undertaken by the two parties are laid down with a clearness of definition seldom found in agreements dealing with hypothetical cases.

Nevertheless, the particular contingencies which are contemplated and provided for are not those which are most likely to happen, chiefly because the treaty itself will be a principal cause of their not happening. It is not probable that the interests of the allies in China will be openly assailed by force of arms. The Continental

Press has been very busy in endeavoring to give a name to the supposititious aggressor against whom the treaty is intended to erect a barrier, each nationality eager to fit the cap on every head but its own. The majority of opinion, however, awards the honor to Russia, who, on her part, declares she is as harmless as a sucking-dove. She has a passion for free ports and a zeal for the rights of her weaker neighbors, as Mr. Gilbert would say, amounting to a disease. Russia herself consequently expresses cordial acquiescence in the objects of the treaty; it is only her officious partisans in this country whose supersensitive feelings are hurt by it. But assuming, for illustration's sake, that Russian schemes do come within the purview of the dual alliance, how would the terms of the treaty meet the case? Russia claims, with much truth, to be a peace-loving Power. Well indeed she may be, since she has been in the habit of obtaining her desires without expending a shot. All her important aggressions in Eastern Asia, her vast acquisitions of territory, her political ascendancy over the abject rulers of China, have been obtained by means which may be technically called peaceful. We need not stop to particularize the methods of aggrandizement which are daily revealed in the public press; but we naturally ask how they would be met by the provisions of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and how the not very dissimilar honeycombing tactics of Germany and France would be met? Is it not conceivable that the two armed sentinels may find themselves keeping solemn guard over a treasure-house which is being daily emptied of its contents by subterraneous burglaries?—a thing which actually happened in Vladivostock a few years ago.

The only answer to this is, that the essence of the treaty is not to be found within the four corners of the parch-

ment, but in the spirit which lurks behind the letter. Be the particular stipulations of the treaty what they may, they are really of secondary importance. The great startling fact is that we have here a public advertisement of the unity of the aims of two great Powers, for we can no longer withhold that title from the Empire of Japan. If the declaration is not to sink into the limbo of dead matter, the spirit of it must pervade the future diplomacy of the two Powers in Peking. It is on the green table, and not amid the roar of cannon, that their battle will be lost or won; and an arduous and protracted battle it is likely to prove. The principalities and Powers which have been so busy in the past, whose success in their schemes forms the *raison d'être* of the dual alliance, are not going to relinquish their ambitions. On the contrary, the attitude assumed by Great Britain and Japan is calculated to stimulate them to increased efforts to undermine the influence of the two Powers. We are not altogether free from misgivings as to the spirit in which our Government and their agents will meet the new calls on their energies; for this country is cursed with the incurable weakness of relying on verbal guarantees. Our diplomatic pathway is strewn with broken pledges of all sorts, and it appears that we have yet to learn that these are sickly plants, unless tended and watered incessantly by our own action. As regards China, at all events, this course of procedure must be totally changed if the new treaty is to have any effect, as otherwise we shall find that we have lost the rose and have only the thorn left. From this point of view, it is perhaps as much to the advantage of Great Britain to have an energetic partner to keep nudging her in the Far East as it may become to have our virile young Colonies taking a hand in the affairs of empire.

There remains another factor, and a rather uncertain one, to be reckoned with, the Chinese Government itself. One of the most natural effects to be expected from the new treaty would be the restoration to the Government of China of a certain confidence in dealing with foreign questions. For many years past there has been no reason in Chinese policy. It has simply been blind resistance, yielding only when external pressure became sufficiently strong. The Chinese Government has become so inured to this treatment that it looks for nothing else, and is always ready to submit to the aggressor who shouts the loudest or applies the mailed fist most vigorously. During the worst of her troubles since 1895 China has looked for a protector and found none; hence there seemed nothing left to her strategy but to put a brake on her downward progress, and by circuitous devices delay the inevitable. Now that two strong Powers have united to apply a stronger brake than China herself had at command, it may be that her statesmen will take heart of grace and stand up for the prerogatives of government, while accepting also its obligations. To infuse such a spirit into their timid minds might indeed become the first step in the regeneration of China, and if achieved, it would alone be an ample vindication of the policy embodied in the new treaty. But he would be a bold man who would predict how that Government would act in any given circumstances. Owing its protection to the spontaneous action of foreigners, conceived entirely in their own interests, the Government of China will be placed in so unnatural and humiliating a position that the exhilarating motives of patriotism will be watered down to a very tepid solution, while on the other hand the advice as well as the action of the protecting Powers will be liable to provoke fretting, resentment

and jealousy. The phenomenon is common enough in the relation between guardian and ward in private life; and on the national scale we have had ample illustration of the recalcitrance of a *protégé* in the case of Egypt in the earlier stages of its regeneration. Friction there must be in the future as in the past; love there will be none. Not that love would be in itself impossible, but merely that the calibre and character of the man who could kindle it are not such as are usually ground out of the official mill.

The efficacy of the treaty, we repeat, must entirely depend on the real animus of the two principal parties, and that is not a thing which we shall gather from any declaration contained in the text. "Words make this way or that way," and it is by act and deed alone that the mind and intention, whether it be of individuals or nations, can be safely inferred. As it is best to look all facts straight in the face, we must frankly recognize that the status of the two parties to this agreement is not quite equal. They have, in fact, arrived at their present meeting-ground from opposite points of the compass, morally as well as geographically. As regards Great Britain, her record is entirely free from ambiguity. The principles she now affirms are precisely those on which she has consistently acted during her whole intercourse with China, we might say with the whole world. The principles of the "open door," "equality of opportunity," and the like, have been so interwoven with the texture of British policy throughout the world, have been accepted so unreservedly as matter of course, that they needed no formula to express them, until a few years ago, when other Powers showed a determination to act in opposition to them, and the contrast began to call for definition. The declarations in the Treaty, therefore, on the part of England being thus

of a piece with all that has gone before, there is no room for misconception about the validity of declarations which are simply the expression of antecedent facts.

With regard to Japan the case is not quite analogous. Japan has in her day been the greatest exclusionist in the world, though happily for herself, she has been converted to more liberal views by the stern logic of events. Her dealings with Corea have always been aggressive, and in their intention exclusive; her record in that country is by no means a clean one. But her loyalty to the allies during the crisis of 1900, contrasting as it did so favorably with the attitude of some of the Christian Powers, may well be held to cover a multitude of older sins. As between herself and China, however, it cannot be gainsaid, and ought not to be forgotten, that she has been the arch aggressor, the ringleader in the whole series of attacks which have brought about the crisis. Her invasion of China in 1894 set the tune of unprovoked aggression. Having brought, with wonderful secrecy, her army to a high state of perfection and her navy to correspond, she resolved to launch her forces against her unoffending neighbor. What her real motives were we do not pretend to guess, but her proximate designs took the solid form of extensive seizures of Chinese territory. The war of 1894 was undertaken in the teeth of serious warnings from Russia and of faint admonitions of the goody-goody order from Great Britain. Japan seems to have imagined, however, that she could by her own will isolate her operations in China and limit their consequences to suit her convenience. Hence she proceeded with fatal disregard for the interests and the opinions of the rest of the world. It was the puerile statesmanship of a hot-headed party, led by a highly respected Minister, affected it

may be by the sanguineness which is a not unusual concomitant of the disease from which he soon after died. But for the influence of Count Mutsu, there was wisdom enough in the country to have cooled the passion of the war party; as it was, the still small voice was silenced in the militant clamor. When the most brilliant success had crowned the Japanese invasion, the warnings which she had received before undertaking the war were promptly fulfilled. A coalition of the Powers which she had ignored wrested from her the continental territory she had seized, while leaving her in possession of the fertile island of Formosa. Japan extorted a large war indemnity from China; but such treasure-trove is an illusory form of wealth, and Japan has found that she has to pay for her successful enterprise by taking upon herself enormous military and naval burdens which she must bear as long as she continues a nation. The debauch of the night has been followed by the sermons-and-soda-water of the day after, and the wisdom of the country has been able once more to assert itself, and essay the laborious task of fitting Japan for worthily maintaining the position of a great Power which, for good or for evil, was forced upon her by her war with China. When, therefore, we find Japan standing shoulder to shoulder with England as champion of the integrity of China, we cannot but think of Saul having joined the prophets. We would by no means deprecate the value of an honest repentance. No doubt it is genuine, being the result of bitter experience, and converts are proverbially more zealous in propagating the new faith than those who needed no conversion. Japan having looked into the pit and smelt the sulphur, may be trusted to give it a wide berth for perhaps a generation to come. Moreover, if she is disposed to military adventure in the future, she will have a restraining force

beside her which will give sober councils a fair hearing. Marry her? Yes, but without illusions, for she has a past, which is not necessarily to her disadvantage, since her espousal of liberal principles founded on conviction of their utility to herself may have a more enduring quality than the outcome of headstrong passion.

From the purely militant point of view we need waste no words in claiming Japan as an eligible ally of Great Britain. But, as above said, she will be in a position to render the greatest services to the common cause in the field of diplomacy, in which she would supply that intelligence department in which the British establishments in the Far East have hitherto been woefully deficient. This alone will be no slight contribution to the common strength.

The prospect of good resulting from the treaty is considerably improved by the claim which is made by political parties in England to have each had a share in its incubation. The portion of the Radical press which can find only evil in the transaction qualify their criticisms by the reservation that, if there is any good in it, it is the doing of Lord Rosebery, who prepared the way for it during his term of office. The name of Lord Rosebery, indeed, has been used so freely in connection with the war between China and Japan as to challenge some investigation into the verities of his action. The newspapers are once more unanimous in claiming for his lordship an extraordinary degree of merit for his inaction in 1895, when a coalition of European Powers decided to wrest from Japan the "legitimate fruits of her hard-earned victories over the Chinese." Granting the right of Japan or any other nation to make war without a pretext on any defenceless neighbor, can we logically deny the equal right of any third party to intervene either in

the course of the war or in the disposal of its results? We do not, for example, hear any outcry against the Powers who assembled in conference in Berlin to revise the Russo-Turkish treaty of St. Stefano, and that would have been a fitting precedent for the readjustment of the balance of power in the Far East in 1895. But the scene was remote, and the conflict in European eyes was a sort of holiday spectacle, awakening no serious political interest. The public had not been educated up to an insight into the practical issues which depended on the result; and the somnolent Power slept on.

That such a conference as we have mentioned was not called together may be a fault distributable over many individuals; but though no Blue-Books were issued on the affairs of that period, and no member of Parliament had the curiosity to ask for the production of correspondence, there is a certain presumptive case against Lord Rosebery. His abstention from interference with the three Powers which despoiled Japan of the rewards of victory is applauded by the press as if it were an act of the sublimest statesmanship; yet on their own theory of the "legitimate fruits of victory," the guardian of public order who should stand with folded hands, and perhaps averted eyes, while three highwaymen were robbing a traveller, would surely not merit the highest reward obtainable in the police service. As a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery in 1894 and 1895 had a magnificent opportunity of showing in practice whatever statesmanship there was in him. He has himself boasted of the amicable terms with all the Powers with which he left the Foreign Office, and a gaseous understanding with Russia is one of the fetishes to whose worship the Liberal party is greatly devoted. There never, surely, was a better opportunity of ce-

menting their good understanding than when both Russia and England were engaged, either simultaneously or in close succession, in the attempt to dissuade Japan from her threatened attack on China. Here, at last, was a common object on which the efforts of the two Powers might have been honestly consolidated, and with some chance of effect, had there been but a man to bring about the contact. That diplomatic failure, however, may be somewhat a matter of opinion, the facts not being all known; but when, at the close of the war, the British Government allowed itself to be quietly ousted from any share in the councils of the Powers who took upon themselves to arrange a settlement of Eastern Asiatic affairs, there is perhaps only too good reason for suppressing the record. We have no desire to see it; no exhilaration is to be looked for from its perusal. The claim made for Lord Rosebery is that he did not join the three robbers, which recalls the remark of a morning paper the other day that the great Bayard obtained his reputation for chivalry by abstaining, on one occasion, from acting like a blackguard. But in public and business affairs the true criterion is *Cui bono?* Of what benefit, it may be asked, was his abstention to any of the parties concerned? Certainly none to Japan, who had to disgorge to the three Powers what she might have better saved her face by disgorging to four; nor to China, who has been buying the services of the three intervening Powers with her life's blood ever since. But there was no question of helping the Powers to mulct Japan. The intervention of Great Britain in the settlement could only have had a moderating influence, and the retrocession of Liao-tung, which would have been a necessity in any case, must certainly have been accompanied by such stipulations on the part of Russia as would have prevented the

whole of the subsequent Manchurian complication, the seizure of Port Arthur and Talienshan, and the long train of Russian and other intrigues, including our own fiascoes and humiliations in the Far East. This was Lord Rosebery's opportunity—such an opportunity as rarely occurs more than once in a man's lifetime. He did not rise to the occasion, for which many excuses may be found, such as ignorance, want of information, and, what was still worse, misleading information. Even had he been better furnished in these respects, it is possible that Lord Rosebery's hands would have been tied by the necessity of keeping his precious Cabinet together; and the examples we have lately had of the incredible ineptitude of some of his quondam colleagues seem to settle the question that no real measure of Imperial statecraft could ever have been possible with a Cabinet so composed unless the Premier were an absolute autocrat; no furrow could be ploughed with such a team. At the time in question the Premier was not empty-handed; he had the wherewithal to bargain with Japan were it ever so little. But the treaty of 1894, which conceded to Japan all

that she had asked, seemed to be thrust upon the Mikado's Government irrespective of collateral considerations. Lord Rosebery has not had recourse to these excuses, nor have his friends in the press for him; but the salient fact remains that a chance of establishing Eastern Asia and the foreign relations of China and Japan on a basis which would have lasted at least a generation, and would have been most economical to our own country, was missed, and it will take a great deal of platform statesmanship to compensate this country for the heavy penalty she will have to pay during the lifetime of the Empire for this conspicuous failure in Foreign Office efficiency.

The great renunciation or abdication of 1895 may truthfully enough be deemed to have paved the way for the dual alliance of 1902. For it is but a forced, artificial and most inadequate effort to avert some of the consequences of the *lâche* of the Rosebery Ministry. Much as we may admire the skilled workmanship of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, the best that can be said for it is, that it is, after all, only a wooden leg, a brittle substitute for the sinewy member which it replaces.

A. Michie.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THAT STRAIN AGAIN.

A lonely sound awakes me, long
Before the coming of the night,—
The storm-cock's rich, imperious song
Dropped from the lime-tree's leafless height.

Divinely sweet those matins ring
Amid the dark, and winter's dearth;
It is the Orpheus of the Spring
Calls the Eurydice of Earth.

Macmillan's Magazine.

SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

Waiving the question whether, as a possible factor in European politics, Polish nationality is by this time quite dead, we may safely assert that in other directions it still gives evident signs of life. Chopin, Moniuszko, Rubinstejn in the past, and in our days Reszke and Paderewski, have earned well-deserved renown as musicians. Modrzejewska, not many years ago, took the London stage by storm. The names of the painters Matejko and Siemieradzki are not unknown to the artistic world; nor are those of Olszewski and Madame Skłodowska-Curie less familiar to physicists and chemists. Every one has heard, if perhaps with slightly sceptical wonder, of the marvellous inventions of Szczepanik; and latterly the immense success of one particular novel has made the whole English-speaking public acquainted with the name of Sienkiewicz.¹

Literary excellence shows the vitality of a race far more surely than the stage, or science, or even music and the plastic arts, for all these are in a great measure international. The language of a nation is its blood, so to speak; and a people whose literature is flourishing cannot be near death. We have been told, and have every reason to believe, that in Prussian Poland there is a noticeable revival of the language; men whose diction was formerly disfigured by uncouth Germanisms, now speak pure idiomatic Polish; and this revival is universally ascribed to the

* 1. "Ogniem i Mieczem" (With Fire and Sword), 1884; "Potop" (The Deluge), 1886; "Pan Wolodyjowski," 1888; "Quo Vadis," 1896. By Henry Sienkiewicz.

2. "Dzieci Sztatana" (Children of Satan), 1897; "Homo Sapiens," 1898. By Stanislaus Przybyszewski.

3. "Komedyantka" (The Actress), 1896; "Ziemia obiecana" (The Promised Land), 1899. By Ladislaus Rejmont.

enthusiastic eagerness with which Sienkiewicz's novels are read. Let us add that the kindred nature of all the Slav tongues has rendered Sienkiewicz's creations familiar to many an alien; and that, whilst the schoolboys of Warsaw are still forbidden to speak their native language, it is read and enjoyed by men of Muscovite blood as far east as the Volga, and as far north as Archangel.

So great a triumph—far more important to the very existence of an oppressed race than can be imagined by those who never knew what oppression means—may well arouse some interest in the literary achievements of Sienkiewicz. But is he a master unrivalled and companionless, a mere monument in a desert? or have we in him the culminating expression of a movement coming from the inner life of the nation itself? This question we shall endeavor to answer in the following pages.

Not to mention a number of short tales and sketches, some of them masterly both in design and treatment, Henry Sienkiewicz has written: "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Wolodyjowski," and "The Teutonic Knights," romances dealing with various periods of Polish history; "The Polaniecki Family," and "Without Principles" ("Bez dogmatu"), both on lines very similar to Bourget's psychological novels; and latterly he has broken new ground in his "Quo Vadis," to which,

4. "Ludzi Bezdomni" (The Homeless Race), 1899. By Stephen Zeromski.

5. "Na Kresach lasow" (On the Skirts of the Forest), 1894; "W. Matni" (In the Toils), 1897. By Wenceslaus Sieroszewski.

¹ It may be worth while to note that this well-known name is pronounced thus—Sheng-ki-e-veetch.

we understand, he is now preparing to add a tale of the times of Julian the Apostate. All these have been translated into English. Considering that the translator has labored on with untiring zeal for many a year, meeting with but slight material encouragement until quite lately, it seems almost ungrateful to hint at shortcomings in a work of so much goodwill and perseverance, the more so as we note a decided progress in the latest volumes. Still, in justice to the originals, a few remarks must be made. / The readers of these translations ought never to forget that Sienkiewicz is a master of style, an artist enamored of form; and that he has drawn to the utmost on the resources of an exceedingly rich language. If these merits are not always discernible in the translation, of how many translations can it be said that they are equal in style to their originals? Apart from this, however, we often meet with expressions, clear enough to a Pole, but rendered with such literal fidelity as to have no meaning for an Englishman, as, for example, the ancient and stately form of salutation, "Czolem," which appears in English as, "With the forehead." American turns of speech are also not unfrequent, and the slangy flavor they give to the style is especially jarring in a tale of the times of Nero. But while we note these defects, we must confess that the difficulties were enormous, possibly insuperable; and certainly, if the works of Sienkiewicz had waited for an interpreter who, to a thorough knowledge of Polish added a mastery of English prose, they might have had to wait a long time.

Among the productions of Sienkiewicz's pen, we do not intend to discuss the two psychological novels, "Without Principles" and "The Polaniecki Family," not that they are inferior to the best of their *genre*, but because we do

not like the *genre* itself. In these works we cannot but admire the delicate cleverness of the dialogues, the variety and truth of the characters described, and above all the penetration shown in the author's cunning analysis of motives and passions. We admit that every good novel ought to be as psychological, let us say, as Shakespeare's dramas; but it should not be more so. A book containing action which excites a lively interest is, after all, a literary failure if it continually stops to point out the secret working of the springs on which the action depends; and the more elaborately this is done, the worse is the net result. We abstain, therefore, from discussing this side of Sienkiewicz's talent. His psychological novels, taken as such, are little if at all inferior to those of Bourget. Taken merely as pictures of contemporary Polish society, they are exquisite; daintily humorous, with a dash of satire, not without pathos at times, and always written with the easy elegance of a man of the world.

We pass on to the historical novels, and in particular to the great Trilogy —those three books⁴ which tell of the disastrous times that began with the great Cossack rebellion (1647) and ended with Sobieski's victories. We must say frankly that, no matter in how good a translation, they have little chance of winning popularity with English readers. The average cultured Englishman may certainly be aware that, in the days of the Tudors, Poland was a vast kingdom that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from near Berlin to not far from Moscow. He will have heard of Sobieski, and the name of Kosciuszko—misspelt in a line of Campbell—will occur to his memory; but of Polish history, life and custom he is likely to know much less than about the Mahrattas or the Ben-

⁴ The Trilogy consists of "Ogniem i Mieczem," "Potop," and "Pan Wolodyjowski."

galis. This is natural; but it follows that the very qualities which have in these works enraptured the whole Polish nation are to him mere stumbling-blocks. Events of history as familiar to every Pole as the Wars of the Roses or the Spanish Armada to a Board-school pupil, would, if hinted at in the course of a sentence, render it enigmatical. Often ten notes or more to a page would be required to explain customs or proverbs that for a native of Poland need no explanation. And the names!—Skrzetuski, Mokrski, Zawilichowski and hundreds of others still more crabbed—they are known to history; perhaps their families still exist; perhaps the reader is himself acquainted or allied with them, and is proud to find them blazoned there, but to an Englishman they seem as barbarously unpronounceable as the names of Houghton, Iddesleigh, Brougham or Wriothesley must appear to a Pole unacquainted with English. What makes most for the success of the originals is fatal to their right appreciation when translated.

It is a pity; the more so as these are perhaps the best of Sienkiewicz's creations. Fettered by restrictions devised to render patriotic literature impossible, he seems not even to have felt their weight. As he intended that every Pole throughout the three empires might read what he had written, he was, of course greatly cramped in his choice of a subject. Not only the last centuries with their memorable insurrections, but the days of old when King Stephen Batory again and again routed the hosts of Ivan the Terrible, and those when a Polish king established a nominee of his own in the Kremlin—that is, the most glorious epochs in the annals of his country—were absolutely forbidden ground. Sienkiewicz could not dream of depicting Russian figures on his canvas. In his volumes the Polish armies contend

against the rebel Cossacks, destroy the victorious troops of Charles Gustavus, the would-be conqueror of the country, and begin the last great struggle with the Tartars and Turks. By selecting this period he lulled the suspicions of the censorship; and it afforded his genius an ample field.

Yet, though every page in these works bears the stamp of patriotism, it is the patriotism of a broad-minded man, to whom the fanatical hatred even of his country's enemies is an odious thing. If we cannot quite say that he feels a certain sympathy for them, he always tries to regard them with unprejudiced eyes. Even whilst he depicts the most atrocious scenes of carnage and torture, he makes full allowance for times and passions; and paints so vividly the pangs of harshly thwarted ambition in a mighty soul, that the fell deeds of revenge which follow appear, if not less wicked, less diabolical. No one could portray with more relentless vigor the wholesale slaughter and unutterable devastation wrought by the Cossacks under Chmielnicki, whose name is anathema to every Pole; nevertheless, his ability as a leader, his lion-like valor, his fox-like cunning, and withal a certain personal nobility of sentiment in the man, who never forgot either a service or a wrong, are also appraised so candidly and so well, that not even a Cossack could complain of unfairness. The rapacity of the Swedish generals, and their merciless treatment of the land that was for a short time in their power, are described with severe truth; but their stern bravery and their superiority to the Poles in martial discipline and tenacity of purpose are by no means passed over. Charles Gustavus is a usurper, to whom any convenient crime is fair play; nevertheless, he is shown more than once acting with the magnanimity worthy of a great king. Even Radziwill, the traitor Radziwill, who in that aw-

ful crisis threw all his vast power into the balance against his country, is seen by the reader wrestling in agony with his conscience until he has forced himself to believe that what he does is not treason, but the sole means of saving Poland; and he comes to his end in such tragic abandonment and remorse that we feel as much pity for the man as horror for his guilt.

This natural inclination to look for the good in every character does not lead our author to palliate the evil. His very heroes are not heroes of our century, but of theirs—a time when pious knights prayed fervently to Christ, yet in the heat of battle gave no quarter to those who asked it in Christ's name; when pitiless reprisals were the rule, when massacres were answered by massacres, impalements by impalements. Sienkiewicz has no taste for knights and warriors as we should like them to be; he does not care to mitigate the horrible facts he has gleaned by a close study of the annals and memoirs of those times; he cares only to be true. Reading his pages, we feel sure that men such as he describes have really existed; we see in them the children of their age—the age when Cromwell's saints put the garrison of Drogheda to the sword, and Turenne, the most amiable of men, laid waste the Palatinate. In a word, truth—implacable, unsparing truth—as to things, and a genial, indulgent disposition as regards men, form the moral basis of Sienkiewicz's historical romances.

Nor does he spare the nation itself. That profound faith, love of country and forgetfulness of private interests which alone made it possible for Poland to overcome in a conflict against such odds, are displayed to the full, and in the brightest colors. But again, the universal disorder, the instability of temperament, the incapacity for obedience, the monstrous pride of individualism that paid a slight with a re-

billion—in short, the excesses of that passion for freedom, which was ever the great virtue of Poles, until by exaggeration it became a vice, and "the eagles gathered together" round the corpse of a dead state—all this is represented with courage and sincerity. Fiction is here no less instructive than history. Many a learned volume has been written on the causes of Poland's downfall; none has diagnosed those causes more accurately than Sienkiewicz. Even to the present generation, these novels teach a great lesson in social ethics. No one who has spent many years in the country can deny that the national temperament is still fundamentally the same. There is yet too much of that same instability and false love of personal independence which render every enterprise that demands the united efforts of many workers, not only difficult but almost impossible. Until this becomes a thing of the past, until the Poles learn to act together as one man, subordinating personal views to the decision of the majority, they may desire freedom—as they do—with all their heart and soul, but they cannot hope to obtain it.

Based on the foundation of historical candor, this solemn lesson by which Sienkiewicz's countrymen are taught to look back upon their past with mingled pride and confusion, is rendered more effective by admirable literary qualities. The Trilogy has been called an epic in prose. There is indeed much in these works that belongs both to the epic and to the drama. The descriptions of nature, the battle-scenes and the narratives are epic in their rich imaginative flow; the characters, dialogues and situations are dramatic in the vividness and individuality of their conception.

No prose writer has presented his nation with more varied and picturesque delineations of the past, both in wild nature and in human life, than those

of Sienkiewicz. He revels in depicting those interminable steppes, those rolling plains of thick grass, or shaggy brushwood, teeming with game of every sort, infested with ravenous beasts, peopled by superstition with vampires, were-wolves and ghouls; those far-stretching marshes, here shallow and green with rushes, there deepening into lakes or narrowing into rivers; those fertile wildernesses where men came to hunt or passed to raid, but never settled to labor, boundless in extent, savagely beautiful, sad beyond all measure. The sketch³ of a Cossack homestead near the frontier between these steppes and Crim Tartary is very graphic. The inhabitants are true borderers, in the old English sense of the word; they live by plunder as much as by farming. The farm laborers have the air of banditti; their stalwart masters, sons of the grasping old Ruthenian princess—a most despotic mother—receive visitors of rank with a boorish servility that jars both with their title and their soldier-like bearing. Outside, the house looks mean and wretched; strongly fortified and palisaded, with windows narrow as loopholes, it gives the impression of a blockhouse rather than of a farm. But within it is crammed with booty snatched from the Tartars, and presents a strange medley of rusticity and splendor. The hall is hung with costly skins of martens, foxes, wolves, bears, ermines; quaintly-shaped helmets, bucklers, breastplates, with jewelled scimitars, *cerceus* and *yataghans*, adorn the coarse wainscoting; and beneath these, slumbering in a row, a number of great hawks, used to hunt wolves, sit perched. In the guest-chamber the bare walls are seen, only covered in part with rich tapestry, lifted in some border-raid; a long table of roughly-hewn wood is laden with gold vases

and vessels of Venetian glass, spoils taken from the spoilers; bronze, ebony, mother-of-pearl caskets stand upon the shelves of unplaned deal, and the rudest of chairs appear by the side of the most luxurious couches.

Another volume opens⁴ with a strongly-contrasted picture of family life. A rich young Samogitian heiress presides over the evening work of her maids, and the rosary beads slip one by one through her fingers. The room is lit only by a great log-fire, and its fitful blaze flickers on the joists and rafters of the ceiling, with long shocks of carded flax that hang down from them; on the walls, where its reflection dances back from many a bright tin plate and dish; on the ruddy faces of the maids, all spinning in strict silence, and on the curly-headed Samogitian serving-man, laboring at the quern in a corner, and now and then when it gets out of gear muttering an angry word. The heiress makes a sign and her maids, still spinning, strike up the evening hymn. It is an ideal scene, very pleasing in its calm and old-fashioned simplicity. But we are presently far away, following the narrator into the unfathomable depths of those virgin forests where the captive heroine awaits her deliverers, or the maiden who fears violence from some lawless suitor finds a safe retreat in the storm of war. There Nature has built a home for the urus, the lynx, the moose; an impenetrable fastness, defended by moats of black lakes, deep dens and bottomless quagmires, where fiends, driven thither by the sound of church bells, make their abode; by barricades upon barricades, constructed from many a generation of fallen trees, slow to decay, plied one over another, the stalwart trunks of the living intertwined with those of the dead in inextricable confusion—a rampart not to be

³ "Ogniem i mieczem," ch. iv.

⁴ "Potop," ch. i.

stormed by force, a labyrinth not to be entered but by such as possess the clue.

If Sienkiewicz is great in his descriptions of homes and deserts and forests, he is still greater in his battle-scenes, in which swift and terse narration is not less requisite than vivid description. Multitudinous as these are in the volumes now before us, a Quaker alone could wish them to be fewer. Again and again the ever-changing masses of warriors, Swedes and Poles, Tartars and Turks, rush upon each other, and close in the confusion of the tremendous struggle. The gongs are heard, and the drums, the long, bronze culverins, the shrill screams of the Cossack horsemen, the swish of descending sabres and the rustling of the eagles' wings at the backs of a thousand hussars, as they charge headlong to victory. "The pomp and circumstance of war" are there, but its ferocity is there, too. We smell the sickly scent of blood, we feel the despair of those who shriek for mercy, and are answered with a silent stab. We shudder at the implacable sternness that the mildest of men can find within them when thoroughly roused; at the unconscious irony of the chaste and saintly hero who, seized in a would-be fatal embrace, himself quietly hugs the foe to death, and to his stifled whisper, "Let go!" replies "Not so, brother," with a grim but half-humorous simplicity. War is painted as it really is, with all its relentless and fratricidal butchery, as well as its exalted heroism and sublime self-sacrifice.

And with what diversity of coloring are the outlines filled in! No two battle-fields are alike; each has its distinguishing tone and characteristic features. Here a troop of German mercenaries, surrounded by rebels, and without the possibility of escape, phlegmatically choose to fight until the last man is killed rather than turn traitors

to the land that has paid them. There, a few monks and Polish soldiers, in strict agreement with the facts of history, which are enriched with fantastic and marvellous details, succeed in defending the sanctuary of Our Lady of Czestochowa against a whole army of Swedes. The siege of another fortress, beginning with a series of single combats which recall those of the Iliad, ends in the destruction of the citadel, blown up with, and by, its last defenders. We need not multiply instances; they would be endless. But in connection with the battle scenes, it is here worth while to translate a few lines from the account of the funeral of one of Sienkiewicz's heroes. The spectacular effect—which cannot but have been founded on fact—is so singular that it may seem undignified and grotesque; but for soldiers who lived three centuries ago it was doubtless strikingly pathetic.

From the pulpit, to the mourners' stupefaction, the sound of a drum beating the alarm was suddenly heard. It as suddenly ceased, and all was still as death. Father Kaminski beat the alarm a second and a third time; then, casting down the drumsticks upon the pavement, he lifted up his arms and called with a loud voice, "Colonel Wolodyjowski!" At the words Wolodyjowski's widow shrieked and fell senseless; Zagloba and Muszalski bore her out of the church. The chaplain again raised his voice: "Colonel! for God's sake! 'Tis the alarm; war rages in our midst; the enemy invades our country! and thou startest not up, seized not thy falchion, mountest not thy steed? O warrior, what hath come upon thee? Art thou so forgetful of thine ancient valor as to abandon us now in our sorrow and dismay?" Every breast heaved with emotion, and the knights wept aloud in the church....

This is but a passage chosen almost at random out of a multitude. Were

the drawing of all Sienkiewicz's characters equal in variety of design and strength of execution to his descriptive and narrative parts, it would be hard to write about him without seeming to exaggerate. Still, if this side of his work is less perfect, his characters do not by any means lack variety, and are in many cases excellently drawn. A whole gallery of portraits, some of very high merit, are contained in these volumes. Many are historical. Take, for example, Prince Jeremi Wisniowiecki, the only Polish commander whom the Cossacks feared—a man adored by his troops, willing to give (and giving) the very last groschen of his immense fortune to save his country, overflowing with infinite tenderness for his soldiers and with bitter sorrow both for the devastations committed by the enemy and for the reprisals which, in the spirit of the times, he was obliged to make. Nevertheless, this man was a destroyer, whose repressive measures, rivalling the worst atrocities of the Thirty Years' War, were even then disapproved by several statesmen, including the king, John Casimir himself; and a grandee of such exorbitant pride that he once marched into Warsaw, at the head of four thousand men, and threatened to put king and senate to the sword, unless his word of honor without an oath, were accepted in a court of law! At a time when Poland seemed to be at the enemy's mercy, Wisniowiecki was named Grand Hetman by the whole army, the king and his councillors refusing to ratify that choice. Sienkiewicz, in one of his finest chapters, shows him wrestling with himself—pride, patriotism and duty each striving to conquer. He is convinced that he, and he alone, if made Grand Hetman, can save the country; but acceptance contrary to the royal will would prove him a still fouler rebel than the Cossack chief whom he longs to defeat. At last

duty gets the mastery; and the character of the man, true to the core, is seen radiant with grandeur. The country is perishing, not because of the Cossack rebellion, but through the insubordination of the great. A great example must be set no matter at what cost. He refuses the Hetman's staff, and remains, in spite of himself and the whole army, the obedient servant of a king whom he does not esteem, and who detests him in return.

In strong contrast with so great a moral victory, we have in another work the self-communings of the Grand Duke of Lithuania—already alluded to—at a moment even more critical. No better pendant to Wisniowiecki could be found than Radziwill. Boguslaus Radziwill, his brother, is a character still more original, eccentric in the extreme, and possibly the worst villain in the whole Trilogy. This noble prince affects a lofty cosmopolitan scorn for his countrymen, wears a long wig after the French fashion, improves his delicate girlish complexion with rouge and white paint, cannot bear to speak so rude a tongue as Polish, openly derides the hypocrisy of his brother's veiled ambition, and believes in nothing but absolute monarchy—with himself, of course, as the monarch. Yet under this exterior of effeminate foppishness he conceals, not only the most detestable vices—heartless debauchery, hellish revenge, a skill in calumny worthy of an Iago, and the off-hand disdain of a Talleyrand for his own plighted word—but also some great qualities which render him yet more dangerous; a boundless audacity, combined with the energy and swiftness of resource that we cannot help admiring in Richard III.

These and other characters being historical, what Sienkiewicz knew of them partly aided and partly impeded his work. Amongst the pure creations of his fancy, the most conspicuous are

perhaps Podbieta, Kmielec and Zagloba. The knight Longinus Podbieta is a gigantic Lithuanian, with a sword nearly as long as himself, which none but he can brandish single-handed. It has come down from an ancestor who, at the battle of Grünwald, struck off the heads of three Teutonic knights with one blow. Longinus has made a vow of chastity until he has achieved a like exploit in battle; and, like the knight-errants of old, he goes everywhere seeking an opportunity to perform his feat. He is gaunt, sad, meek, with long hanging eyebrows and moustaches the color of hemp; speaks low with a drawling Lithuanian accent and stands constantly in dread of being tempted by some beautiful damsel. His life is all prayer and fighting; he has a Book of Hours, and between battles, when his huge sword, Zerwikaptur, is wiped clean, he sings psalms by the camp-fire. At last he mows three Tartars' heads at a stroke, and is free to wed the lovely Anusia, whose killing glances have often made him cast down his eyes and mutter, *apage, Sathan!* But he volunteers to carry an urgent message through the enemy's lines. The Tartars surround him, and after he has cut them down in such numbers that they fear he is a Djinn in mortal shape, shoot him with arrows from a safe distance. Throughout the story the antithesis between Podbieta, mild and, to say the truth, rather lackadaisical exterior, and his prodigious strength and daring, all the more impressive for the contrast, is admirably maintained, and makes him one of Sienkiewicz's most attractive characters.

Andrew—we hardly venture to add the unpronounceable name of Kmielec—is as unlike Podbieta as Lancelot is unlike Galahad, but closely resembles Vinicius, the hero of "Quo Vadis." Lawless, hot-headed, swift and fiery as lightning, both in anger and in love, each is driven to crime by one passion

and redeemed by the other. Andrew, a young free lance so terrible to the enemy that a price is set on his head, has under his orders a troop of bold scoundrels whose life is forfeit to the law. He comes, woos and conquers the heart of the Samogitian heiress, Alexandra; but his excesses repel her, and she refuses him. Her best friends and neighbors, insulted by his band of villains, slay them in fair fight. In revenge he burns their houses; and when Alexandra, glowing with indignation, breaks with him definitely, he attempts to take her by force. Unsuccessful, yet still hoping to win her, he becomes involved in Radziwill's treason; and now she abhors whilst she still loves him. Circumstances suddenly open his eyes—for he never was a traitor at heart; and, to atone for his error, he undertakes a series of heroic deeds. Sienkiewicz tells of hairbreadth escapes, wounds innumerable, the king's life saved, manifold perils evaded by subtle cunning or quick decision, and even a national victory due to his bold and well-timed action. Andrew's faults, undoubtedly great, are as nothing to the services which he renders to his country. Less extraordinary than Podbieta, he is perhaps more of a favorite with Polish readers, who see in him a typical Pole, both for evil and for good.

But what shall we say of Zagloba, the fat old knight who, with his never-failing jokes and boasts and artful wiles, plays a prominent part throughout the Trilogy, and yet never wearies us? He seems the very incarnation of the Polish character on its humorous side—now, alas! but seldom to be seen. Professor Tarnowski says that he is Falstaff, Sancho Panza and Ulysses—all three in one. This may be exaggerated, but Zagloba has many traits that belong to each. Falstaff, a man of infinite wit, is also immeasurably vile; Zagloba is as much beneath Fal-

staff in one respect as he is above him in the other. In his drunkenness, his cowardice, his bragging, his extravagant mendacity, he resembles the fat knight; but we should in vain look through the plays in which Falstaff appears for anything suggestive of a kind heart. Now Zagloba, dissolute though he is, has a most kindly and unselfish nature, is a true patriot and a faithful friend. These qualities, combined with his blustering disposition, lead him into many an enterprise from which he naturally would have shrunk. Though horribly frightened, he fights, and once launched into the fray, fights well. His ready wit never forsakes him; he makes the most of every opportunity; when successful, he boasts as loudly as ever did Jack Falstaff of his "pure and immaculate valor." Pursued, and about to be slain by a famous warrior, his dread suddenly changes to desperate rage; in presence of the whole army he turns on his astounded foe and cuts him down. Another time, swept onward against his will in a charge of the eagle-winged hussars, he is suddenly stopped, muffled in the folds of he knows not what, and shaking with dread in the darkness. But no sooner does he find out that it is the great Tartar standard fallen upon him, than his comical terror is followed by a fit of no less comical swagger; the whole scene reminds us of Falstaff and Hotspur's body in "*Henry IV.*"

We trust that what has been said, however superficial, may arouse in the reader's mind a passing regret that these works are so exclusively national and therefore beyond his reach. It could hardly be otherwise. But no sooner had Sienkiewicz, leaving the field of Polish history for a time, taken up a theme of more general interest in his famous novel "*Quo Vadis,*" than he burst into full fame; the success of the translated work, as might safely

have been predicted, was instantaneous and immense. Of this novel we need say little, both because it is so widely known, and because we should have to repeat much that has already been said of the Trilogy. Still one or two points of interest concerning it may be briefly discussed.

It is curious, though not surprising, that two diametrically opposite views as to the tendency of "*Quo Vadis*" should have been taken by critics. Some consider it as a strong argument for Christianity; certain judges have gone the length of pronouncing it the best sermon written in the nineteenth century. Others inform us that it makes for Paganism; that after perusing it one feels less a Christian than before. In our opinion the book has no "tendency" at all, save that which each of us may choose, according to his own particular views, to read into it. Sienkiewicz's highly artistic nature, his habit of looking at all things objectively, his willingness to see the best side of everything and everybody, are just as conspicuous here as elsewhere. There is no doubt that he is a patriot, and that he is a believer; but he is constantly on his guard against his own feelings, lest they should unfairly bias him. And we think that in "*Quo Vadis*" he has succeeded even better than in his other creations, possibly because he appears to be a believer more aesthetic than dogmatic, one rather smitten with the beauty of Christianity than partial to its asceticism or zealous for its doctrines.

It is perhaps owing to this very impartiality that the best drawn characters in the book are either heathens—as Nero and Petronius—or duplicates of figures that have already appeared in the Trilogy—as Vinicius, Ligia (not unlike Alexandra), and Ursus (closely related to Podbiela). To affirm that Sienkiewicz makes us feel any sympathy for Nero would be an exaggeration.

Yet surely the reader of "Quo Vadis" gets to understand Nero as he never did before; discovers how the moral obliquity has slowly become a mental aberration; penetrates the mystery of that longing to perpetrate crime, the more monstrous the better, in order to experience the tragic grandeur of remorse which the heroes of the Greek drama express in such sublime language; seizes the root of this insanity—the fixed idea that life is unreal, and that the world, not metaphysically, but in truth, is a stage; and follows the madness as it grows upon him, until not death itself can make the wretch give up attitudinizing, and the expiring actor exclaims, *qualis artifex pereo!* Nothing could rehabilitate Nero as a man. Sienkiewicz has done for him the best he could; he has explained him as a phenomenon.

Petronius, by far the most sympathetic and striking figure in the whole story, is also a heathen, if we may call by that name one who believes in nothing save the beautiful. Morality has no meaning to him; he shrinks from a vile and degrading action; but an action is only vile and degrading when it offends his delicate taste. Once he stabs a plebeian in the street, not because the man has threatened him, but because he smells disgustingly of wine. He shrewdly foresees that Christianity will conquer the heathen world, and listens with appreciative courtesy to Paul's exposition of faith; but with a creed that would petrify what he considers the joys of life, and force him into a disagreeable conflict with himself, he can have nothing in common. What Paul says may be very true, but it is not true for him, since he does not relish it; and that is final. He bears himself throughout with the same unruffled urbanity; exerts himself with great danger to his influence on Nero, to save the Christian girl Ligia, because he enjoys rendering a service to

Vinicio, whom he likes; is entertained and amused by his friend's enthusiasm for the new religion; and at last, as calmly as he has rejected the apostle's teaching, commands the physician to open his veins. The portrait is executed with extraordinary skill, and we do not doubt that Sienkiewicz put his whole soul into the task. But then his character reflects so well, and with such tolerant neutrality, many traits of our own modern indifferentism that it seems almost absurd to talk of the proselytizing tendency of "Quo Vadis." And our opinion is confirmed by a letter of the author to Professor Tarnowski, in which he states that his intention was simply to give a picture, striking by its powerful contrasts, of the two hostile worlds, the Rome of Peter and the Rome of Nero.

So far, we have scarcely glanced at Sienkiewicz's defects; but defects and limitations, it must be confessed, there are. His characters have a tendency, as already mentioned, to repeat themselves; several others, besides those we have noticed, bear a strong family likeness, or even look like the same character in a new disguise. His women, too, are in general much inferior to his men.

The heroines are usually too faultless, and, "as perfection is insipid in this naughty world of ours," admirable rather than interesting. Exceptions are to be found, but these exceptions are mostly secondary personages. Then there is a tendency to repetition, not only in the characters, but in the plots. In five of his novels, including "Quo Vadis," we have a damsel in distress, carried off, either by a man whom she cannot love, or by one that she loves but will not marry, and after many vicissitudes rescued or reconciled. An attempt has been made to justify this; such violence was common at the times of which Sienkiewicz writes. But five lynching episodes in five novels about

American life would be excusable for the same reason.

The plot, moreover, in its general lines, is not always constructed and elaborated with the care bestowed upon minor details. Not to mention passages and episodes that might with advantage have been omitted or much shortened, the tale itself frequently consists of several artificially connected stories, each of which might, taken apart, have formed a whole, its unity being thus reduced to that of a mere aggregate. And we must also remark that once or twice, in the detailed description of horrors, our author seems—though surely it is but seeming—to have written for those for whom whatever is ghastly has a special fascination. These are undeniable blemishes. Still, when all is said, Sienkiewicz, even in the necessarily inadequate medium of translations, holds a high place among the world's novelists.

That he is the first of Polish prose writers is certain; and it is not to be supposed that he stands alone. To give anything like an adequate idea of contemporary Polish literature within the limits of an article is impossible; but Sienkiewicz himself will not be understood if no notice is taken of his rivals in the field. Among these we select a few, taking by preference those who represent artistic principles the most different from, or antagonistic to, those of Sienkiewicz—with the proviso, however, that our choice implies no inferiority in others about whom we are silent. So much must be said in fairness to the writers who, being more or less of Sienkiewicz's type, are not even mentioned here.

In none of his novels is there the slightest trace of what has been collectively termed Modernism, or, more specially, Decadentism, Parnassism, Satanism, and so forth. But in Poland there certainly exists a trend that way;

those who follow it dislike Sienkiewicz's creations as heartily as he abhors theirs; and the leader of that school, if school it may be called, is Przybyszewski. No one can deny that he has talent, much talent. Some would call it the aberration of genius; his own adherents maintain that genius is usually stigmatized as aberration. Przybyszewski's fundamental idea in art is the "Naked Soul," a notion borrowed by him from Ola Hansson. The theory, so far as we can understand it, is this. External phenomena or events, with their corresponding impressions, received and repeated internally, constitute the whole of our everyday soul-life. But there are times when, under special influences, these, which are merely the soul's garments, disappear, and we are aware of a set of phenomena totally distinct. The garments having dropped off, the mental or spiritual activity of which we then are conscious is the manifestation of the Naked Soul. It comprises all those states that the vulgar call abnormal; neurose, alcoholic intoxication, the effects of morphine, of sexual perturbation, etc., and these produce the inspiration of genius. The mind then finds itself superhuman, for the veil has fallen, and the Naked Soul is godlike; every limitation of time and space disappears; the thinker becomes a vast synthesis of all—of holiness and blasphemy, of Christ and Satan, of wild aspirations and cool reasoning, of faith in God combined with Atheism.

Whether in order to obtain so exalted a state, Przybyszewski has himself practised the means which he recommends, does not here concern us; we have only to do with his books, published for the most part in German first and then in Polish. "The Mass of the Dead," "The Vigils," "Satan's Children," "The Synagogue of Satan," and "Homo Sapiens," are the best known, and have achieved much success, all

the greater because they appeal to Modernists both in Poland and in Germany. Of course the writer, wildly acclaimed by some, is as fiercely attacked by others. Attacks and panegyrics here mean the same. His obscenity—neither voluptuous nor boisterous, nor seasoned with wit, but simply morbid—turns some away from him with loathing, whilst it has for others an exquisite flavor. He is morbid and unwholesome to the very marrow, almost as much so as any French, German or Scandinavian writer of the category. But to men for whom "fair is foul and foul is fair," and whose first axiom is that genius, unless unwholesome, cannot be genius, Przybyszewski is divine. We need not analyze his writings; space as well as inclination fails us. They are all characterized by extreme daring and originality, both as to subject and as to details. A few lines quoted may give the keynote of them all. Describing himself, Przybyszewski writes:—

My soul! it is the ocean in very deed—its limitless expanse, its foam, its pride, its uncontrollable fury!

One of his heroes, to seduce an innocent girl, destroys her faith in God. Ruined, she commits suicide, and the hero justifies himself thus:—

I am Nature. I give life, I take it away. I trample corpses by thousands under my feet—because I must. I create life which is more than life—because I must. I am I, I am Thou—God, Nature, the Universe.

As the foremost exponent of this sort of literature, it is necessary to take this man into account—so long as he is at large.

Another school of writers, that of the Naturalists, displays the direct antithesis of this tendency towards the abnormal. Sienkiewicz, though strongly realistic in many a passage, has noth-

ing in common with Naturalism. Now, in the practice of Naturalists, we find three main characteristics; graphic and detailed word-painting, using every device to make the object strike powerfully on the senses; the absence of any partiality towards beauty, squalid and loathsome details being at least as readily photographed as those that are comely; and a certain cool, impersonal manner of narration, which merely states facts and leaves all emotions to the reader. The first of these characteristics appears with much brilliancy in Rejmont's productions. Zeromski, in a series of short stories and novels, somewhat similar in subject and treatment to the "Tales of Mean Streets," has shown considerable talent. And Sieroszewski, an ethnographer and a naturalist, having spent several years in Siberia, has embodied the result of his observations in many works of fiction, coldly convincing and palpably real. A few words may be said about these three writers, separated from Poland's great novelist by a wide chasm, yet each of them deserving no little praise.

Rejmont is essentially a word-painter; and, as he draws chiefly upon his own personal reminiscences, there is in his work a certain crude vividness that startles yet does not displease. The writer, of peasant birth, loves the country; his descriptions of nature are never general, never vague; they depict places seen a hundred times, gravé in his memory with every detail, which have become part of himself. He has a keen eye for color, and his descriptive powers do not fail him when he leaves the country and portrays scenes of town life. The following passage, for instance, shows us the gaudily luxurious boudoir of a Jewish millionaire's wife—a subject well-suited to his talents:

The walls were hung with saffron-tinted silk, over which embroidered

bunches, of lilac, reddish violet in hue, were artistically sprinkled. A yellow canopy, with green stripes, tent-like in shape and supported by golden halbersts, overshadowed an ample sofa which occupied one whole side of the room. Under the tent-roof swung a lamp of stained glass—amber, ruby-red, emerald-green—which shed a faint mysterious light around. Piles of silk-en cushions, with their raw Chinese hues, lay on the sofa and on the white carpet which they seemed to tinge like great blots of spilt color. On another wall gleamed a collection of costly Oriental weapons, grouped round a circular shield of Arabian steel, inlaid with gold, and so brightly burnished that the golden tracery and the edgings of rubies and pale amethysts shone and sparkled in the dusk with a variegated play of light. In one corner a huge fan of peacocks' feathers formed the background to a gilt statue of Buddha, cross-legged and contemplative. In another was a large bronze Japanese flower-stand, borne by golden dragons and filled with snowy azaleas.

Rejmont's style is certainly too often strained and overwrought; his profuse wealth of figures, though original and apt, tends to spoil the general effect by attracting undue attention. Still, passages equal or superior to the one that we have quoted are frequent in his novels; and perhaps nothing equal to them in sensuous richness has yet been seen in the language.

Zeromski, after several shorter stories, has at last published a two-volume book, entitled, "The Homeless Race." His name was already favorably known; and this last work in spite of many inequalities and shortcomings, had made him famous. He is often bitter, but always earnest and sincere. As Sienkiewicz inclines to see the best side of things, so Zeromski inclines to see the worst. He is angry at the treatment of the lower by the upper classes, and feels that he does well to be angry. He wrathfully insists on

setting before us the squalor, the misery, even the vices of the poor; is it not all the fault of the rich? Zeromski is no socialist, but he is intensely democratic. So too is his style; strong even to brutality, coarse even to slang, reeking of the evil smells of poor men's hovels, jarring as their hoarse voices, unlovely as the sights on which it dwells; with all incisive, picturesque and somehow artistic. Alphonse Daudet's fable of the bee that disgusted with blossoming orchards and garden flowers flew to the dunghill in search of a new kind of honey, has been applied to Zeromski—wrongly, in our opinion; for though his descriptions of suffering and squalid humanity by far outnumber those of beautiful nature, we are convinced that pity and indignation, not the hankering after novelty, have guided him in his choice. There are many Podsnaps, not in England only, who would fain wave these matters aside; a man who dwells on such horrors must, according to them, have a morbid taint. They, of course—and curiously enough, several "Modernists" side with them here—agree to condemn Zeromski's last work as destitute of all merit; others, going to the opposite extreme, have called it a gospel. Between these, the majority of critics pronounce "The Homeless Race" to be a very extraordinary book.

The plot of this work is simple enough. Dr Judym, a tactless but earnest and devoted man, himself the son of a drunken shoemaker, is well acquainted with misery, and longs to better the conditions of the working classes. His peremptory bluntness sets his brother practitioners in Warsaw against him, deprives him of a good position at a health-resort, and finally leads him, in the conviction that no one can have a double aim in life, to break with the girl whom he loves and who loves him in return. The book has no outward appearance of unity; it is made up of

detached episodes whose connection and sequence are at first sight exasperatingly hard to discover. But a careful study shows us the unity, the genuine though concealed unity of character, design, tone and contrast. The diction is extremely unequal; now far better than anything previously written by the same pen, and now far worse. It looks as though the book had been dashed off in a "spell of inspiration," and published uncorrected. But if "*The Homeless Race*" is a work rather of promise than achievement, the promise, at least, is great.

We have purposely reserved Sieroszewski for the conclusion of this paper. One defect common to most Polish authors is exaggerated coloring and spasmodic vehemence of emotion. They seem unable to discriminate between violence and vigor; and, so far, the tendency to Naturalism, which discourages the expression of personal feeling, would be profitable to them, if it did no more than bring them to a just measure of self-restraint. Of the three writers noticed here, Sieroszewski has, in our opinion, most strictly adhered to this principle. In five novels of which the best are "*Ensnared*," "*On the Skirts of the Forest*," and "*Among the Tchuktschis*," he has calmly jotted down the disappointments of a socialist dreamer and exile, forced to fight for his life against his "brethren" the Siberian savages, and plundered and robbed until he realizes that property is a sacred thing. He has described the dreary wastes of snow and the unfathomable "*Tundras*" so powerfully that the reader is sick at heart with the dreariness which the writer himself apparently does not feel; and he has, without any signs either of disgust or of sympathy, displayed before us the life and customs of those barbarous tribes he knows so well—their days of famine, the loathsome gluttony of their feasts, their shallow cunning,

their disregard of the morrow, their noisome sensuality, their fidelity in friendships, their greed, their atrocities, their heroism. Truly Sieroszewski has turned to good account his scientific notes, taken at immense cost of time and labor. It is a marvel that the accuracy of the ethnographer in no wise interferes with the inspiration of the artist; yet so it is. With him, science merely furnishes art with materials to work upon. We see the luminous hell of the snowy plains, whose surface, frozen into myriads of minute crystals, breaks the sun's glare into a dazzling iris; and those immense expanses which lie buried in frost and twilight for nine months, and during the other three overflow with swarming life and rank vegetation; as through a strong telescope we see all this. Perhaps of all the writers we have named Sieroszewski would best repay translation; for, besides the interest of romance, his works have the scientific value of a trained observer's personal experience.

Under the most adverse conditions Polish literature more than holds its own. The national speech may still be treated by official teachers as a foreign language; governments and administrations may do their uttermost to suppress it; it not only refuses to be suppressed, it bursts daily into lustier life. And this, notwithstanding the scantiness of the population, amongst whom few can read, and fewer care to read. From a pecuniary point of view literature is not, and cannot be, in Poland, either a leg or a crutch. "*Art for Art's sake*," taken in a somewhat unusual sense, must be, in that country, the motto of nine out of every ten literary men who are known and admired. But in spite of this drawback—if drawback it be—the tree of national genius has of late borne much excellent fruit.

THE NEW BOHEMIA.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

Something more than a quarter of a century ago, before I went out to help my uncle Benjamin as a tea-planter in Assam, I used to know a little about the Bohemian circles of the town. It was rather a fashion among young fellows from Oxford and Cambridge in those days. The Thackeray tradition was still with us, and at that time we used to read "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" and "The Adventures of Philip." I am told that people do not read them any longer, preferring the polished compositions and chaste fancies of certain later novelists. It may be so. We are apt to fall a little behind the current of popular literature in the remoter East. At any rate, we youngsters in the seventies knew our Thackeray, with our Dickens, our Clough, our Tennyson and other now perhaps obsolete writers, and came up to London emulous of the brave life which those gallant heroes, Warrington and Pen and Clive Newcome, led so dashingly among the taverns and the theatres, the men of the quill, and the brothers of the brush and palette-knife. Like most other things, the reality proved hardly equal to the illusion. We had hummed over the famous lines—

Though its longitude's rather uncertain,
And its latitude's doubtful and vague,
That person I pity who knows not the
city,

The beautiful city of Prague.

So we young fellows went for it—"bald-headed"—to use the elegant expression which I cull from the pages of one of the most cultured American authors of the day—and were never so happy as when spending an evening in the company of our Bohemian friends.

who, to do them justice, being a hospitable set, were not averse to see us.

They were a jovial crew, who worked hard, and amused themselves in a roystering, companionable fashion. I am bound to say that already, when I first came upon the town and took chambers in Hare Court, Temple (dingy old Hare Court, whose venerable buildings have now been pulled down and replaced by structures which appear to have been designed in Chicago) the glories of the older Bohemianism, as painted by our great novelist, had somewhat waned. The singing and suppers of the famous Back Kitchen lived only in the regretful memories of the elder men. You remember Thackeray's description: "Squads of young apprentices and assistants, the shutters being closed over the scene of their labors, came hither for fresh air, doubtless. Rakish young medical students—gallant, dashing, what is called 'loudly' dressed, and (must it be owned?) somewhat dirty—were here smoking and drinking and vociferously applauding the songs. Young University bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable genteel simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater; and handsome young Guardsmen, and florid bucks from the St. James's Street clubs—nay, senators, English and Irish, and even members of the House of Peers."

There were men, we knew, who had assisted at these revels—men who numbered Mr. Hoolan and Mr. Doolan among their intimates, who had written for the "Dawn" and the "Day," hobnobbed with the original of Captain Shandon, and received guineas from the firms of Bacon and of Bungay; and albeit we had fallen upon somewhat soberer days, they did their best to

maintain the Back Kitchen precedent in certain resorts and *cavacula*, to which they were often good enough to give admission to us youngsters. Well do I recollect one particular club to which I had the honor of being elected a member, on the introduction of my journalistic friend and patron of those days, poor Bob Ireson.

Everybody knew Bob at that time, and to be taken up by him was an introduction to the more esoteric circles of Fleet Street and the Strand. He was a gentleman and a scholar, was Bob—or, at least, had been the former, and was still the latter, when sober. He had been at St. Quentin's College, Oxford, took his "first" in "Mods." and "Greats," was *proxime* for the "Hertford," and would almost certainly have got the "Ireland," but for the fact that he had been seduced into a little game of cards and a late supper-party the night before with young Lord Rupert Deloraine, who subsequently, as everybody knows, held one of the highest offices in the councils of the Queen, but was at that time a somewhat too convivial undergraduate at Quentin's. Owing to this festivity Bob was by no means in his best form at the Examination Schools, and his Greek iambics were not up to their usual standard. A similar accident deprived him of the Fellowship on which he had reckoned; and so Bob came to town and joined the Corporation of the Goose-Quill. When I knew him he had been in it some fifteen years, and was the most brilliant, unreliable, well-informed and erratic contributor who ever plagued or delighted an editor. He had a wife and half a dozen neglected children stowed away in a back street in Holloway, to which suburb he occasionally retired when no other opportunity of spending an evening presented itself. I have reason to believe that his domestic life was not luxurious; and Mrs. Bob, who was understood to be distant-

ly connected with his laundress at Oxford, did not frequent literary or other society. Bob himself preferred associating with his mate companions in that congenial quarter of the town in which he pursued his fitful avocations.

I do not know where or when he wrote, but somehow or other he contrived to cover an enormous quantity of copy-paper. He would write leaders, reviews, dramatic criticisms, savage lampoons in prose or verse (he was never happier than when he was reviling his old college boon companion, Lord Rupert, who by this time had long since ranged himself, married an American heiress and lived in great splendor at Rutland Gate), librettos for burlesquers and pantomimes, or, in fact, anything for which he was paid. He earned a good deal of money, according to the comparatively humble standard of those days, but I do not think that much of it found its way out to Holloway. He had in him the root and essential quality of Bohemianism. When he had done pretty well and was flush he was ready to stand a bottle of champagne and a dinner to any friend—or, for the matter of that, to any enemy, for Bob was the most placable of men, and would eat and drink with anybody. When he had a run of bad luck he consumed sausages and gin-and-water in those appalling dark taverns and cook-shops, which have been replaced by the mammoth restaurants and garish cafés of a more civilized generation.

Sometimes he would vanish for a month or so, and nobody knew what became of him; but in due course he turned up again at our club, jovial, impetuous, reckless as ever, equally ready to play billiards with the racing tout of a sporting newspaper or to discuss Aristophanes with a professor of Greek. At length he disappeared definitely, and came back no more; and the rumor went about that he had been

found in a condition of utter destitution in poor lodgings at a minor seaside resort, and had been taken to the local workhouse infirmary. So we made up a little purse for him at the club, and sent him out on a sea voyage to Australia, with strict injunctions to the steward of the vessel that he was to be served with nothing stronger than soda-water on the journey. But Bob never reached Melbourne. He died at sea; and his body rests quietly, deep down somewhere in the Indian Ocean. When a few friends came to look into the affairs of the establishment at Holloway they found that poor Mrs. Bob was in a very bad way indeed; and so another subscription had to be raised, and many good fellows who had known Bob in his prime were willing enough to put their guineas to it.

A sad ending; but many of our jolly Bohemians did finish rather mournfully. Still they were uncommonly good company while they lasted. Those evenings at our club were amusing enough and something more. We used to meet in two or three shabby rooms somewhere off the Strand. There were faded carpets on the floor, threadbare curtains at the windows, battered, old, comfortable leather-seated arm-chairs and horsehair-covered sofas of primeval antiquity. The fastidious appointments of the modern club had not entered into the imagination of our members. Sam, the butler, a very Ganimede in the bearing and compounding of drinks, wore the same shirt for a week; so by the way did some of the members. There was a cupboard in which you could wash your hands, but I do not think it was often used.

The menu was more satisfying than pretentious. You could get an excellent steak, a sufficient chop, kidneys grilled to a nicely, potatoes smoking hot in their jackets, kippers, bloaters, soft roes on toast, devilled bones of a fiery potency; and gin and whisky, and

brandy-and-water hot, and stout and bitter, flowed in a never slackening stream. On occasions, too, there would be a vast bowl of punch, brewed by Mulligan, the cunning of hand, who had a skill in that decoction which was famous throughout Bohemia, and had penetrated even to the United States. There was dinner, cost you 2s., on the table at six o'clock every evening—Irish stew, boiled mutton, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and other viands of a simple and satisfying nature. If you dropped in to this meal you would find some twenty men, more or less, gathered round the board, prepared to do full justice to the provisions. For our Bohemians, as I have said, were, as a rule, hard-working folks, and they did little at luncheon, and would have scorned afternoon tea and muffins if anybody had been prepared to supply them with those delicacies.

The food eaten and the cloth cleared, clay pipes and briars were produced—it was before the day of cigarettes, and many of us could not afford cigars—a tumbler of spirits or perhaps a small bottle of port or claret was before each man, and the company settled itself down steadily for conversation. And how they talked! They were the last survivors, some of them, of a great conversational age, a time when men met together, as they used to do in the days of Addison and in the days of Johnson, as in those of Scott and Hazlitt, for the purpose of exchanging ideas. It is a custom that seems to have vanished while I have been growing tea in Assam. Nowadays I am told there is no conversation. It is *l'éternel féminin* which has destroyed the practice. Women are everywhere, and you can't converse with women. Besides, there is no time to talk. People are too busy in playing games, or seeing plays, or performing them. But my elder cronies of the old shabby club

did not go into society, and would no more have thought of putting on a dress-coat, and listening to music in a lady's drawing-room, than they would have played battledore and shuttlecock with school girls across a dining-room table. In the intervals of their work, they liked to discuss matters with one another, amid clouds of tobacco and the fragrance of much alcohol.

I do not say the talk was always of the best kind. It was apt to be too full-fleshed, too ribald, a little (shall we say?) too virile. There was old Ventregris, the doyen of the *coterie*, a prosperous accountant, I believe, whom we all regarded with considerable respect, because he was known to live in affluence somewhere in the neighborhood of Weybridge, with horses and carriages, and gardens and many servants to wait upon him. He was the patron and financial adviser of the club, and I believe its appointments would have been even dingier than they were but for the occasional cheques from him. The hoary old reprobate preferred the gin-sodden atmosphere of our pothouse to all his suburban splendors, and was never so happy as when sitting there listening to the most atrocious stories invented for his delectation by some ingenious follower of the theatrical art. But the talk was not always, or even usually, of that kind. Much of it, of course, was "shop," and you were not long in that society before you knew exactly how much or how little was to be acquired at the precarious trade of letters, or the still more precarious pursuit of journalism. You could learn what publisher was good for an advance on royalties and what editor could most safely be planted with copy. But often we got far away from these subjects. Literature, art, politics, philosophy, all these things would be discussed and considered and debated by men who, if they were Bohemians, were also in many cases stu-

dents and thinkers and readers, with a knowledge of the world and books; and I can recall some midnight symposia in those close and murky chambers in which mind had clashed with mind, and perhaps even for a moment the deep places of the soul had been unveiled.

So with these recollections upon me, grave and gay, I have naturally not been averse, since my return to town, to seeing something of the Bohemianism of the younger generation. I find things have changed a good deal in the last quarter of a century. The successors of the careless wits and jovial *riveurs* of my earlier days are, I must admit, a much more decorous body of persons. The other day, for instance, young Grubbins, the son of my old friend, Joe Grubbins, whom you will recollect as one of Bacon and Bungay's favorite and most successful bookmakers, came to make acquaintance with me.

Grubbins *père* was a very sedulous exponent of the literary art. Every few months he was in the habit of publishing a substantial volume, "Half Hours with the Twelve Apostles," "The Homes of Queen Elizabeth," "The Private Life of the Emperor Tiberius," "Ten Thousand Household Cookery Recipes," and so on. Nothing human came amiss to him if he received a publisher's permission to write about it. He had written a History of the World, illustrated, which was sold in sixpenny parts with woodcuts of a spirited character, and he had written a treatise on Domestic Medicine. Withal, he was a fellow of infinite resource and a mass of curious information, and he worked ten hours a day, and lived in a small house in Brixton with an excellent thrifty wife, who put the antimacassars on the chairs in the back drawing-room when visitors were expected, and otherwise sat with Joe in the front room, which

was parlor, dining-room and study all in one. Here the talented author composed his valuable works and pursued his researches when he was not at the British Museum Reading-room.

Young Joseph is a literary gentleman also, but he seems to have hit upon an easier and more lucrative branch of the profession than his father. I have not been able to discover the names of any books that he has published. When I questioned him on the subject he replied, "Books, no fear, sir! They don't pay. The old dad had enough of that, and it don't suit me." Questioned more particularly as to the precise nature of his compositions, I discovered that Mr. Grubbins devoted himself to that department of journalism which used to be known as personal. An enterprising newspaper that has come into existence since my migration to the East, is the favorite vehicle for what he calls his pars, which are mainly concerned with the comings and goings, and the private affairs, of members of fashionable society. On the strength of this pursuit Grubbins junior is apparently regarded as a member of quite elegant exclusive circles himself, has chambers in Jermyn Street, dines not infrequently in Piccadilly and Park Lane, and is on familiar terms with various personages, whose affluence and distinction have penetrated to me even in the recesses of Asia. Invited by this young gentleman to spend an evening with him at the Jolly Beggars' Club, I accepted with avidity, a trifle surprised to find that the entertainment was to take place, not as I might have expected at a tavern in the Fleet Street region, but in the "Byzantine Saloon" of the Megatherium Hotel.

I was somewhat doubtful as to whether one ought to wear evening dress or not, for in the old days these garments were little in favor with our set; but I concluded that as a stranger and a visitor I should do no harm to

err on the right side and array myself in the usual dinner costume. It was well I did so. I drove down to Piccadilly in a pleasantly anticipatory frame of mind. The name of the club had an attractive sound about it. With the Jolly Beggars methought I might count on a rollicking evening, perhaps too rollicking for my sedate middle age, but full of mirth, wit and gay boon companionship. The reality was a little different. When I arrived, somewhat late, in the radiant banqueting-hall of the Megatherium, I found a great company assembled, some three or four hundred of both sexes. The male guests were to a man arrayed in what the novelists of the good old times used to call faultless evening costume. The ladies, to my unaccustomed eyes, seemed to be attired in all the luxury of the latest fashion. The chairman of the Jolly Beggars was a severe gentleman of solemn aspect, who presided over the festive board with magisterial dignity. The guests of the evening were that eminent archaeologist, Professor Chumpchop, whose researches into the dietetic peculiarities of the Marquesas Islanders have gained deserved applause. Beside him sat a lady, decorated with many diamonds, whom I ascertained to be a popular writer of current fiction.

The company, as a whole, was not unworthy of these distinguished personages. There were actors, journalists, men of letters, who all behaved with the rigid and unbending gravity so pleasantly characteristic of English society in its hours of relaxation. I found myself placed alongside of a severe person, a contributor to some of the leading reviews of this capital, who drank mineral water throughout the evening and entertained me with a serious discourse on the cost of living in the western portions of the metropolis, and the incidence of parochial rates in South Kensington. I found

er subsequent inquiry that a considerable number of the Jolly Beggars were resident in this or similar eligible localities. Instead of the shabby establishments in Holloway and Camden Town and those other quarters in which my older Bohemian friends abode, I discovered that these younger men lived in unimpeachable middle-class respectability at Bayswater or Earl's Court. Their wives were At Home on the second and fourth Thursdays, and they themselves were in the habit of giving dinner-parties, attended by colonels and baronets. They take their families to the seaside in August, they play golf, they live in an atmosphere of Philistine calm. They are churchwardens, guardians of the poor, some perhaps have sunk to be county councillors.

I turned into our old club the other Saturday evening. It has changed its location and many other things. Gone are the shabby chairs and sofas, the threadbare carpets. The rooms looked clean and prim under the shaded electric lights. The "Times" was on the table, servants in livery ministered to your wants, blameless water-colors and photogravures on the walls had replaced the furious caricatures and Rabelaisian sketches contributed by some of our artistic members. It was supper-time, and supper on Saturday night used to be a scene of riotous revelry, a Babel of unruly talk into the small hours. One veteran, I recollect, was wont to say that he never left the club on a Sunday morning till it was time to take in the milk. His successors keep better hours. I found some dozen languid members about the table. They were mostly in evening dress, and they ate their kippers, and drank a modest quantity of whisky and water, to a subdued hum of intermittent conversation in duets. There was no general chatter, and if you did not "know" your neighbor he

regarded you with the frozen suspicious glare of polite society. In the old days we should no more have asked for an introduction than for a certificate of baptism. However, I found a man with whom I was slightly acquainted, and was permitted to take part in the discussion on the Vaccination Acts. Then there was a frigid interval of silence, and somebody began to talk in a broken whisper of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. I paid my bill to the butler—a dignified functionary no more like unto old Sam "than I to Hercules"—and left in good time to catch the last 'bus westward.

I went to another Bohemian club the other day, which I am assured is very much in the movement. It bears the name of a mediaeval writer whose works, I understand, are chiefly to the glorification of self-indulgence. But there was nothing riotous in our merry-making. A gentleman from, I believe, Mincing Lane was good enough to read us a paper about Mrs. Hannah More. We discussed the personality and literary merits of this author for three hours with suitable gravity. One speaker, an eminent lawyer, made several jokes; but his levity I think rather jarred on the feelings of the assembly, which had clearly met in a praiseworthy spirit of mutual improvement and edification. The majority of the members seemed bored, and I wondered why they came. But on opening my daily newspaper the next morning I found it on record that "The — Club had a meeting last evening at the — Restaurant, under the presidency of Mr. —. Among those present were Messrs. — etc." The old Bohemia seldom "got into the papers." The new Bohemia appears to spend its life, not unsuccessfully, in being paragraphed. It is much too busy in this way to have leisure for enjoyment. Indeed it takes its pleasures rather sadly. On the other hand, it is always inter-

viewing itself and publishing its own portrait in the illustrated newspapers, and giving descriptions of its own wives and books and private pursuits.

I have lately made the acquaintance of a leading member of the new school. He is a very active person who has founded a number of literary clubs. The attention of the world is not infrequently invited to his doings. "Mr. Vincent Ropemin will preside at the monthly House Dinner of the Asterisk Club on Thursday." "Mr. Vincent Ropemin will read a paper before the Society of Typewriters on Literary Copyright in Venezuela, with special reference to the rights of British authors." "Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Ropemin gave a delightful reception at their charming home in Brompton Crescent the other day. The pretty rooms were crowded with literary and theatrical celebrities, among whom I noticed, etc. The hostess looked lovely in pale blue with sequin trimmings." "Mr. Ropemin informs us that his latest journalistic venture, the 'Ladies' Rattle,' is proving a phenomenal success." "Mr. Ropemin has gone to Constantinople to work up the materials for his new novel on the subject of the Empress Theodora." With all these preoccupations, Mr. Ropemin is not a vivacious companion. He is a wearied gentleman, prematurely bald and gray, with anxious eyes, and he presides at the sparkling entertainments just alluded to with all the gaiety of a mute at a funeral. When I dine with him in serious state in Brompton, with a grizzled bejewelled lady on my right hand, and on my left the portly wife of Sir Haverstock Hill, that noted City magnate, I realize that many things have changed since I left England when Lord Beaconsfield was Consul. Literary people, journalists, actors, are no longer *déclassés*; they are respectable, and often prosperous men of business, as regular in their habits as if they bought shellac

or sold indigo. I suppose there are still unsuccessful, out-at-elbow penmen, who haunt low taverns, and borrow half-crowns, and pawn their clothes, and enjoy themselves in low dissipation. But my friends of the old Bohemia strain were not of that kind at all. They were for the most part hard-working, and not always ill-paid craftsmen in the factory of letters; only they had inherited a tradition of dislike for the ways of the *bourgeoisie*. Their successors, being wise men in their generation, have allowed themselves to be quietly drafted into the great disciplined army of the "professional" classes, and order their lives like unto their fellows.

On the whole, I suppose one ought not to regret the disappearance of the old Bohemia. The modern variety is in many ways the better of the two. The young fellows—I perceive that during my absence everybody under three-score has grown young—are in essential respects better than their fathers, at least in some of those matters which make for happiness in private life and good repute in public. They pay their way, they earn their living in a steady fashion, they indulge themselves I dare say in a more innocent manner, and they certainly cause a good deal less trouble to their wives and other belongings. One recollects Captain Shandon in the Fleet Prison, and the manner in which that gentleman occupied himself when a casual stroke of work put a few pounds in his way. "Mrs. Shandon sadly went on with her work at the window looking into the court. She saw Shandon with a couple of men on his heels run rapidly in the direction of the prison tavern. She had hoped to have had him at dinner herself that day; there was a piece of meat and some salad in a basin on the ledge outside the window of their room, which she had expected that she and little Mary were to share with the

child's father. But there was no chance of that now. He would be in that tavern until the hour for closing it; then he would go and play at cards or drink in some other man's room, and come back silent, with glazed eyes,

reeling a little in his walk, that his wife might nurse him." Yes, perhaps the new Bohemians are a more reputable set than their predecessors; but one cannot help thinking that they are a great deal duller.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE RULER OF TAROIKA.

Kenion was uncrowned king of Taroika, where, with the German Rhyner for his chief counsellor, he ruled over some two hundred half-naked subjects and an empty treasury. Taroika lies on the outskirts of Polynesia, a long chain of surf-washed coral set in warm shimmering seas, inside which are sprinkled patches of brightest verdure, dazzling beaches, and swaying wisps of cocoanut palms overhanging a still lagoon. Why he first came there, a young adventurous Englishman bringing with him what purported to be a lease of one island from its native owner, even Rhyner, who had nursed him through two fevers, did not know; but he seemed astonished to find a swarm of suspicious and partly hostile Kanakas waiting him on the beach.

Explanations followed, and Kenion informed the German that the Sydney man, who had taken his money and negotiated the affair, told him it was a comparatively easy matter to grow rich there on copra. He could shoot and fish while the cocoanuts grew, the latter said; then he had only to gather them and dry the kernel which was copra worth ten pounds a ton, while it would cost him about thirty shillings to collect and ship it. Thereupon the German, smothering a guttural laugh, said: "Then you vas badly let in. Dot man who lease der island lif in der next archipelago, and if he here come dese

people drown him. There is already two mans who say he own dot island, so you start anuder bargain und I help you."

Kenion remembered it all, as one listless night he lay in the stern-sheets of a fine whaleboat returning from a visit to Rhyner's outlying islet across the lagoon. A glittering crescent hung above the dusky sea which, touched here and there with brightness, heaved in long pulsations upon the sheltering reef. The tall, dew-soaked lugsail was scarcely filled by the spice-laden breeze which wafted the boat along with a musical tinkling under her bows and a silky wake in the water astern, that, save for the sheen of reflected stars, looked like thin black ice. One naked foot hanging over the gunwale trailed in it, and resting his bronzed cheek upon his elbow Kenion lay still, languidly content, while the events of those early days rose up before him.

He had divided half his remaining capital between the rival claimants, and personally chastised a fraudulent third, after which he proceeded to cultivate the cocoanut trees. Twice a hurricane blew most of them down, and native cattle trampled the life out of his young plantations; but Kenion was obstinate, and had sunk all his money in that venture. So he cut down expenses and worked from dawn to dusk, kept a check on his temper and paid

his men in full, giving them presents of fishhooks when they did particularly well, besides exhibitions of skill with rifle and boat-tiller. So the dusky men who were called Kannakas by courtesy being as much Malay as Polynesian, began to respect and then to like him. Afterward they brought him curious disputes to settle, while Rhyner, when sufficiently sober, came over from a neighboring island with sage advice. Thus, little by little, Kenion found that even against his will it devolved upon him to practically govern the place, and reluctantly accepted the task.

Rhyner now lounged beside him smoking very bad tobacco which he grew himself, a big, slovenly, bearded man, with a fund of quaint philosophy and a kindly heart, whom the Kannakas also liked but did not respect, for he suffered from alcohol and fits of baresark rage. It was by his advice Kenion commenced pearl-fishing. There were pearls in that lagoon, small and poor in color, but they helped to keep Taroika in a state of partial solvency.

"You think much and talk noddings," said Rhyner at length, as the palms about the landing grew blacker ahead. "It is in der night, I think, too, how I come here ten year ago in der broken whaleboat mit Obermann who die. What it is come to you?"

Kenion laughed a little as he shook himself, and answered: "All sorts of things, but mostly concerning the exchequer. We want wire, galvanized iron, hatchets, and I have six months' wages due. I was wondering if that pearl-shell and copra would see us through. Graham should call with the *Warrigal* shortly, and so far I've never disappointed my people on settling-day. Perhaps that's the reason they follow me."

Then there was silence again accentuated by the monotone of the surf, until a flickering blaze appeared among

the palms ahead, and a clamor of voices reached them with wild bursts of merriment. "Dose Kannaka all gone mad," said Rhyner. "Why it is to-night they make all dot jamboree?"

Kenion answered nothing, for he felt uneasy, and the feeling deepened when wading ashore he found half his subjects most indecently drunk, and the rest dancing wildly round a bonfire. There was no sign of the copra, nor, when he crossed to the other beach, of the shell, and finding his dusky storekeeper with much labor he shook the explanation out of him. A white man, who said he was a friend of the trader's, came there in a schooner two days ago, the Kannaka gasped. He was a good-natured white man and occupied the house, where he feasted royally, and entertained the leading natives with Kenion's liquor. He also produced a letter from the latter, which, as no one could read, he kindly translated. They were to load the shell and copra into his schooner, it said, and he was to give them sundry cases of spirits for doing it smartly. Then he would take ten boys back with him to help the trader at an outlying plantation. It was done, and they got the liquor (out of Kenion's store) while the schooner went to sea that afternoon, though a native showed the white man the whaleboat coming, after which the narrator waited for the approbation he did not receive.

Kenion, losing his temper for once, knocked the Kannaka's head hard against a palm, and told him in two idioms what kind of a fool he was. Then he hurried into the house, and found a state of chaos there, and a scurrilous comment written across a photograph on the wall. Whether the original of it were living or dead Rhyner never knew, though he suspected it was that picture which prevented Kenion following his example by choosing a comely helpmate from the daugh-

ters of the people. Then the ruler of Taroika came forth again and stood in the flickering firelight, a tall man in frayed duck garments with long hair and face darkened by the tropic sun; but now in place of fury a cold vindictive purpose shone in his eye.

"It's dawning on me, Rhynner, I'm a ruined man," he said. "I'll have to give the place up and take to beach-combing unless I can get those goods back. The rascal has also cleaned out six months' stores and looted the last of my clothes, leaving me his own rags with a message hoping they would fit me. It's not a joke, confound you!"

"What he look like, dat white man?" asked the other checking a laugh. "A scar on his cheek, und one leg gone lame?—so, I guess him. It is dot villains Cooper; he play der same trick in Fiji. He come here short-handed looking for Kannaka crew, and joomp mit both feet on der opportunity. Dot man he come to a bad end some day."

"Never mind that," said Kenion. "It will be ever so long before the gun-boat calls, and by the time Graham gets to Sydney Cooper will have disappeared again. What are we to do?"

"Mit dis light wind und chance of a tornado," answered the German meditatively, "he pass outside all der atoll und nor-est reef, und dot make one hundred mile, so sailing south in der whaleboat we him perhaps pick up by der twin point head, a sixty mile voyage."

"I'd follow him across the Pacific," said Kenion, "and we'll start at once. The surf's very bad on the southern entrance, but we'll have to chance it."

By this time the most sober Kannakas had grasped the position, and several score of dusky men swarmed about the whaleboat, fighting to get into her. Kenion picked out several of the sturdiest, carried down two rifles and provisions, and grasping the tiller bade them pull across the lagoon. The fire-

light faded astern, many voices hurled good wishes after them, till they were lost in the boom of the surf. Ahead ghostly breakers tossed their white crests in the air, and a cloud of spray veiled the entrance, while Kenion stood up in the sternsheets watching the coral appear and vanish among the rush of phosphorescent seas, as the long roll of the Pacific hurled itself thundering on the reef. Then, as a swirl of luminous water swept hissing into the lagoon, he shouted. The oars bent together, the boat shot forward at the sturdy stroke, and drove out with the backwash through the coral-walled passage.

A hissing comber met her on the way, hove the light shell of pine-wood aloft, and with lambent froth boiling over the bows bore her backwards a moment. Kenion shouted himself hoarse; the Kannakas strained every muscle, for they knew what would happen if they struck the reef, and drawing clear of the smother the boat reeled down into the hollow, climbed dripping and half-swamped over the back of the next comber, and then slid out on to the smoother heave of open water. They bailed her with the bucket, stepped the mast, hoisted the big lugsail, and rippled all night over a moonlit sea with the land-breeze abeam, until this died out as the red sun leaped up. All day they rowed in weary spells, the swell heaving like oil beneath them and a pitiless sky overhead, while it grew even hotter when towards the evening the sun was hidden in coppery vapor.

"I like not dat," said Rhynner, who held the tiller. "Tornado come she may;" but Kenion pulling stroke-oar answered, "I don't mind if ten come, so long as we board the schooner first."

Seen across the four panting men, who swayed with the oars as the boat rose and fell drowsily to the lift of the sea, a tall cone of dark foliage rose up ahead above the horizon out of drifting

vapor. There were strange colors behind it, smoky red and vivid green, and Kenion went through his calculations again as with a crick in his neck he glanced towards it over one shoulder. His hands were raw with rowing, and bled in places, sprinkling red drops on the soaked duck garments that clung to his skin. The perspiration trickled from his hair, but he took his turn and pulled harder than the rest, for according to his reckoning of distances and tides, allowing for a little breeze outshore the schooner should pass from the other side of that head shortly after nightfall, while if they missed her the current would sweep her out to sea. There were also signs of bad weather, and an open whaleboat is not a good craft to be caught in by a tropical tornado.

It grew darker, and the heat increased. The headland was hidden, though the sea still shimmered about them mysteriously, and an oppressive feeling of coming change pervaded the atmosphere. Kenion, who had now finished rowing, steered by the compass, while Rhyner panted in his stead until a little breeze touched their dripping faces, and a dimly seen line of white surf with black palms rising behind it appeared ahead. Lest the sail might betray them they did not set it, and the Kannakas pulled slowly across the current which set past the island, stretching out into thick obscurity and back towards the surf again. Kenion fumed as, straining his eyes, he wondered if the schooner had passed, while even the phlegmatic Rhyner grew impatient as the time dragged slowly by.

Meantime (according to one of the Kannakas, who was subsequently released) Cooper, the free-lance trader, leaned over the tiller of the schooner, *Goldfinder*, which vessel bore a doubtful reputation among the outlying islands of the Southern Seas. Cooper was slightly dazed with liquor, but

that only made him obstinate, and he insisted on steering the schooner himself as she stood in towards the reef to gain the strongest tide. It was very dark and the black canvas slatted harshly as with a dismal creaking of spars the vessel hove her streaming bows clear of the swell, or hardened out with a bang when she listed to a puff of the sultry breeze. Now and then a shimmer of heat-lightning touched the smoke of the spray, and vanished low down on the water leaving a deeper blackness than before. The glow of the binnacle lamp which lights the compass fell on Cooper's face as he bent over it, showing an uneasy look in his blood-shot eyes, while his native wife, an untamed, dusky beauty, perched on the swaying taffrail, watched him sullenly. He had beaten her that afternoon, the Kannaka knew.

"I fancied I heard oars again," he said presently. "Don't be so confoundedly sulky, Lola. Can't you hear anything?" But the girl only shook her head, while the white mate, who had differences with the master, laughed sarcastically as he broke in: "You have been hearing all kinds of things lately when they aren't there. The nearest boat is Kenion's, and that's sixty miles away. Better go below and sleep, while I get some of this canvas off her. We're going to catch it by and by, hot and heavy, and the fore-topmast's sprung."

Cooper growled a savage question as to who commanded the schooner, offered to knock down the first to start a halliard without his order, and there was silence again, while the Kannaka sidled closer into the black mainsail's shadow.

"I tell you I hear oars, dipping softly," repeated the skipper. "There—hang the lightning!—Lola, you saw something?" The Kannaka stared at the girl when she sullenly answered,

"No," for sitting where she did he felt she must have noticed what caught his eye, a dark bar touched by an evanescent flash drifting towards them ahead. Then he started as his keen eyes made out two or three streaks of phosphorescence that moved upon the water until they vanished as the schooner swayed down to a puff of sultry wind, while a reverberating roar of ground-sea drowned the gurgle at her bows.

"What was that?" said the mate sharply, when this sank again. "You were right, Cooper, after all." This time aplash of oars came distinctly out of the blackness, with the sound of water lapping about the planks of a boat.

"Ease sheets!" roared the skipper. "I'm not waiting for any boat to-night." The blocks whined, and there was a boil about the quarters when he jammed the tiller up, for the schooner sailed faster as the wind increased. Still, only the Kannaka, and perhaps the girl, saw two wet hands rise up out of the water and clutch at the pressed down channels, and he said nothing. The thud of oars grew sharper, though it seemed that the boat must pass astern of the schooner, and Cooper laughed as he steadied the tiller. The mate had gone forward, and a moment later the Kannaka saw what he waited for—a naked black man crawl in out of the darkness over the rail followed by another. The skipper's back was towards them; the girl gave no warning; and even as some one shouted a wet hand closed on Cooper's neck and he was hurled down on the stern grating where two dripping objects rolled over him.

Freed from the restraint of her helm the schooner lumbered up head to wind (which is probably what the wily Rhyner had calculated on when he arranged the plan of campaign), and lay there stationary, her loosened canvas thundering. Then, while the mate and

a few white men ran aft, and some of the colored crew sought for weapons to attack them, there was a crash alongside followed by a rattle of uplifted oars.

"Oop mit you, und gif dem perdition," shouted a breathless voice, and clear in the light of a lantern held up by the mate two white men leaped down from the rail. One was tall and barefooted, clad in dew-soaked duck, the other, a burly red-bearded ruffian so far as outward appearances went, but both had rifles, while the dusky men who followed held evil-looking clubs.

"The game's up; give in and we won't hurt you," said the first stranger, and while for a moment the mate considered the matter the schooner's decks presented a striking tableau. Cooper who had ceased to struggle lay aft on the stern grating, while a naked man holding his throat in one hand sat upon his chest, and the native girl looked down on him scornfully. The mate, a revolver in his hand, and three white seamen stood about the mainmast heel, while in the blackness under the boom foresail, which slashed wildly to and fro, half-seen Kannakas made ready for a rush on him. The odds were too heavy, he afterwards explained, and in a savage voice he said: "We give it up, and I hope I'll see you hanged for piracy. Does your program include the skipper's murder?"

"Dot vas all right," answered Rhyner. "It vas not us who hang. Kenion, I think he choke dot fellow." Kenion dragged his unwilling retainer away from the skipper who sat up looking about him stupidly while the trader said: "This is not piracy, only South Sea justice. You will have guessed who I am by now, and I'm going to take the schooner back into Taroika lagoon. Fling those weapons over the rail."

,It was done, and hardly had the last

one splashed into the sea than with a cry of "Stand by your halliards!" Kenion, leaping aside, threw down his rifle. The schooner listed over until one rail was washing in the sea as a sudden blast smote her, and a blinding deluge blotted out everything. Half the crew lost their footing, whirling spray shot up, and through the scream of the rigging there was a crash aloft as the foretopmast and all attached came down bodily.

"Are you going to smash her on the reef?" somebody shouted when the vessel staggered forward. Kenion fancied it was the mate, and bounding aft he jammed his back against the tiller. He was just in time, for with her lee deck buried in a white welter, and the loosened peak of the mainsail thrashing itself to rags overhead, shovelling luminous water in cataracts over her depressed bows the vessel drove towards the reef, until the helmsman shouted as he jammed the tiller down. She swayed upright suddenly; there was a great rattle of tattered canvas, and it seemed as if friends and foes alike handled the sheets, for Rhyner was roaring instructions somewhere. Then she came round on her heel, and leaving the murderous surf a few fathoms behind wallowed off on the other tack, while Kenion gasped with breathless thankfulness. In frantic hurry other men got the canvas off her in time to save the masts, and then under close-reefed foresail they drove blindly out to sea, while Rhyner took precautions against any attempt at recapture. There was more rain, some vivid lightning, and in half an hour the thunder-gale blew itself out as happens not infrequently in these latitudes; and on the following afternoon Cooper swore viciously as another man steered his vessel once more into Taroika lagoon.

Kenion took him and his white crew ashore, and tried them with due solemnity under the tufted palms over-

hanging the beach, while two hundred natives who had expected summary justice, looked on wondering. Many brought clubs with them or canoe paddles, a few had muskets, while all alike appeared determined to take the matter into their own hands should the white ruler show any mistaken leniency. Cooper at first affected to treat the whole affair as a joke; but as the case proceeded with decorum and order, and several Kannakas of his crew threw lurid sidelights upon his character, he grew uneasy, and stirred himself to tell a plausible story. To this Rhyner, who acted as prosecuting counsel, answered grimly: "Der shell and copra she lie on der beach; now she lif in your schooner, und dot thing need much explainings." After this the accused looked moodily out across the sea, until at last Kenion rose to deliver the verdict. "We have given you a fair hearing which on the whole made it worse for you," he said. "If all these tales are true, you seem to be a unique rascal. Still, I am not here to preach you morals, and this is my decision. You will unload the stolen goods, with the others in the schooner's hold as an indemnity to be divided between the men you tried to kidnap. You will also leave the native woman you have systematically abused here to be sent back, as she wishes, to her own people on the first opportunity. And you will sign this paper admitting the equity of it all."

"It's an outrage," snarled Cooper; "a travesty on justice no better than open robbery. Suppose I refuse?"

"There is no civilized tribunal within several hundred leagues of us," answered Kenion gravely, "and, somewhat against my will, I am responsible for the good order of this place. I didn't choose the position—it was forced upon me. You have heard my judgment, and if you do not like it, you may choose between waiting three

months for the gunboat, or appealing to the native law—in which case I wash my hands of you."

Cooper glanced round at the sea of dusky faces scowling at him, noted the weapons in the sinewy hands, and said savagely: "Under compulsion I submit."

He signed the paper, and Kenion spent an anxious time protecting his unwilling guest until the cargo was unladen. On the following day Cooper shook his fist in the air, and cursed both Taroika and its ruler, as sliding through the reef-passage he took his schooner empty away.

Many weeks later a little gunboat anchored close in under the palms, and her commander, rowing ashore, said: "Have you been setting up as a pirate, Kenion, since we were here before? I've a charge of something very like it to investigate with you."

"Will you look at this paper?" was the answer. "You will see it is signed as witnesses by two of his crew." The puzzled officer took the paper and read: "I, Henry Cooper, having stolen the goods specified below and kidnapped ten Kannakas to press into my crew, hereby return the whole of them, with a fair indemnity, and admit that nothing but justice has been demanded of me."

Macmillan's Magazine.

Then having heard the story, and confirmed it by questioning the natives, he laughed and said: "It sounds somewhat high-handed, and I don't know if it's strictly legal; but I think in the circumstances you did the best you could, and my report will say so plainly. Anyway, it's hardly likely that Cooper will press the matter; he wisely complained by letter. We have one or two other questions to talk over with him, and I heard a rumor he had come badly to grief playing some sharp trick over in New Guinea. And now may I compliment you on your place? Do you know I almost envy you?"

"Yes, it's very beautiful, and I have done my best for them," was the slow answer. "But there are drawbacks, awful loneliness, and other things. Some day something will happen, and then I'll leave it."

The officer asked no questions. He caught the longing in the voice, and understood, for he had heard many strange stories and seen the tragic sequel of several very sad ones during his wanderings in the Southern Seas.

As next morning he steamed out to sea he saw the ruler of Taroika standing a lonely figure above the hissing surf, and looking after him wistfully.

Harold Bindloss.

THE ARTICLE "JESUS" IN THE THREE ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

When the second volume of the Hastings's "Dictionary of the Bible" was published, widespread attention was drawn to the article on Jesus by Dr. Sanday, as not only the gem of the volume but an ornament to the entire work. Since then even more attention has, for other reasons, been excited by the corresponding article from the pen

of Dr. Bruce, in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," edited by Professor Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black. And still later, in the ninth volume of the new edition of the kindred work of reference in Germany, Herzog's "Encyclopædie," the article on the same subject, by Professor Zöckler, has had special attention challenged to it by its being

postponed from its alphabetical place in the preceding volume and made to open the present one. These are indications of the paramount interest which this subject has at present for the public mind; the writers to whom it has been entrusted in these three works are men of conspicuous knowledge and ability; and it may be profitable to compare the modes in which they have acquitted themselves of their task.

I.

Dr. Bruce's performance has created something like consternation among his own friends on account of the negative tone by which it is pervaded; and this has been felt to be the more painful because, through the lamented author's death before its publication, it has come to the public with the air of a last will and testament. Certain Unitarians have been claiming it for their own and using it for their peculiar purposes, forgetting that, if it were really as they suppose—if one who up to the day of his death had eaten the bread of a Trinitarian Church had left behind him a legacy of Unitarianism—the scientific interest of the incident would disappear in the importance of the article as a document in estimating the author's character. They might have been restrained by the very first words, in which Jesus is spoken of as not only the Author but the Object of the Christian faith, and there are plenty of other indications throughout the article which prove to a discerning eye that the distinguished author had no intention of turning his back in this last product of his pen on the testimony of his whole preceding life.

It cannot, however, be denied that the representation of Jesus is humanitarian, while the references to his higher claims are most meagre. So strongly has this been felt that the

idea has been mooted in certain quarters that Dr. Bruce's manuscript may have been subjected to editorial curtailment or modification. I am, however, in a position to state that this is not the case, the manuscript having been courteously submitted to my inspection; and I have the highest authority for the statement that no limitations were imposed upon Dr. Bruce beyond his general acquaintance with the aim and method of the new dictionary.

To some of Dr. Bruce's friends it may appear that the tone of the article is to be accounted for by the failing power of one on whom disease had already laid a fatal hand. But a close examination will hardly justify such an idea. Certainly there is not present the buoyancy of his best work; but every sentence is written with precision; and the whole is not very different from what might have been anticipated by any one who had read with care his commentary on the Synoptic Gospels.

A more likely explanation lies in the fact, which close students of Dr. Bruce's writings have noted for many years, that the apologetic habit had been growing upon him, and that it had at length become so confirmed that he was unable to address himself to a subject in any other attitude. Almost unconsciously he had in his mind a reader acquainted with everything that could be said against the Christian positions, and he confined himself to demonstrating what such a fair inquirer must concede at the least. But the keeping-up of such an attitude reacts on the apologete himself, who, by thus confining his attention to the minimum of truth, loses the warning and invigorating influence of the maximum. While Dr. Bruce's later books may be of great value to those whose faith is in danger of being lost altogether, they are disappointing to those who are already standing on securer ground.

Another influence which may have restrained the hand of the author is, that the article was designed for an encyclopaedia; because, even when editors impose no unusual limitations, it is always difficult to decide how much should go into such a work, and it is not unnatural to conclude that it ought to be the minimum. Evidently this was Dr. Bruce's conclusion; for he has cut down to the very bone what he had to say, rigidly excluding the dogmatic construction of the facts and restraining himself to the baldest narrative. It is a pity he did not feel, or was not encouraged to recognize, that on such a subject he might have allowed himself ample latitude, and that the utterance of his whole mind would have proved of the deepest interest to readers in every quarter of the world.

The most disappointing feature of the article is the coldness of its tone. Here again, of course, the question is, What is becoming in an encyclopædia? Ought an expert, writing in such a place, to expatiate with warmth on his favorite subject, or ought he to state the facts without emotion? Certain it is that many an expert would have written about some trivial novelty of science or invention with more enthusiasm than has been here displayed in dealing with the highest of all subjects, yet it may be urged that there are minds on which the cool statement makes the deepest impression; and readers of Dr. Bruce will not forget the warmth into which he habitually kindles, when writing on a larger scale, in speaking of the Son of man.

The article opens with a brief but vigorous discussion of the Sources, in which the author announces himself as an adherent of what is known as the Two-sources Theory and reiterates his well-known preference for St. Mark. Then, following out his design of confining himself to a minimum, he announces that he will relate only what

is common to the Synoptists. Accordingly he passes at a bound over everything relating to the Infancy and Childhood, as this lies outside the triple tradition. Not the slightest allusion is made to the Supernatural Birth—a procedure the reason assigned for which seems to be very insufficient. Then the Public Ministry is presented under four broad aspects—first, a Preaching Ministry among the people at large; second, a Teaching Ministry among disciples; third, a Healing Ministry; fourth, a Prophetic or Critical Ministry, antagonistic to current conceptions and embodies of righteousness.

Under the first of these occasion is taken to explain the method of teaching by parables; and, in connection with this, strong adhesion is given to the view of Jülicher, that the intention attributed by the Evangelists to Jesus of using the parable as a veil to conceal the truth is mistaken:—

It is not credible that Jesus would either cherish or avow such an inhuman intention, though it is credible that in His bitter disappointment at the meagre fruit of His popular ministry, He might express Himself in a way that might easily be misunderstood on the principle of reading intention in the light of result.

Under the second division a summary is given of the Teaching of Jesus; and this is the only part where the style swells out into something like sonority, and the impression made is deep and convincing. The statement concludes with the fine sentence that the spiritual intuitions of Jesus are "pure truth, valid for all ages; God, man, and the moral ideal cannot be more truly or happily conceived." After this the mention of St. Peter's confession leads on to a consideration of what may be called the Claims of Jesus. But here Dr. Bruce advances with an extremely cautious step. To the chosen self-

designation of Jesus—"the Son of man"—he attaches the minimum of significance, inclining to the old notion of Paulus, recently revived by Lietzmann and Wellhausen, that it means no more than "man," and fighting very shy of its Messianic reference. Indeed, the Messianic claim of Jesus is to Dr. Bruce more a difficulty than an explanation; and he speaks with extreme severity of the school in Germany which has recently represented the Messianic and eschatological elements as occupying a foremost place in the consciousness of Jesus.

Under the third head there is a more cordial acknowledgment of the miraculous element in the ministry of Jesus than might have been expected from the general tone of the article; and the evidence is presented with powerful effect which is furnished by the theories invented by enemies to account for the miracles; such as that of Herod, that He was John the Baptist risen from the dead, and that of the Pharisees, that He was in league with Beelzebub. These were thoroughly characteristic suggestions, however absurd; and they would not have been propounded at all unless there had been a problem to explain.

In describing the conflict with the religious leaders—the last of the four elements into which the ministry is divided—Dr. Bruce is handling a thoroughly congenial theme. Probably at all times the portion of his Master's example which he found it easiest to imitate was His opposition to traditionalism and Pharisaism. The readers of his works are aware how trenchantly he always wrote on this theme; and in the present instance his pen has lost none of its cunning.

Coming to the Passion, Dr. Bruce divides the incidents, in about equal proportions, into two kinds—those which are incontestable, and those which criticism has attacked with greater or less

success. Of the latter he seems not disinclined to sacrifice a considerable number, yet "when criticism has done its work, the Passion narratives remain," he maintains, "in their main features history, not legend." "A history," he adds, "how profoundly significant as well as moving!" The theory of criticism is, that incidents were invented at the suggestion of Old Testament predictions; but Dr. Bruce holds that the movement of the apostolic mind was in the opposite direction, the application of Old Testament texts to the incidents being in some cases so imaginative that it could never have been thought of unless the incidents had been there beforehand.

On the burning question of the Resurrection the following is Dr. Bruce's deliverance:—

Christianity could not have entered on its victorious career unless the followers of the Crucified had believed that He not only died but rose again. . . . The primitive disciples believed that their Master rose on the third day, and that he would soon come to earth again; and this faith and hope became the common possession of the Apostolic Church. The faith and the hope both find support and justification in the words of Jesus as reported by the Evangelists.

This is an imperfect sketch of a deeply interesting article, in which the most successful feature is the development of the ethical teaching of Jesus. No doubt the ethical teaching of our Lord is that which lies most conspicuously on the surface of the Gospels; but one misses in Dr. Bruce's pages almost any reference to those subtler elements of the teaching of Jesus in which the Christian Church has always believed the most solemn and moving part of His message to lie. There is hardly a word on the relation of Jesus to God or on the significance of His death. The great text in Matthew xi

25 is referred to, but not with anything like the impressiveness of writers like Wendt or Keim. Dr. Bruce says that what the primitive Christians asked about Jesus was, first what He taught, secondly what He did, and thirdly what He suffered. But what the hearts of men from the first asked was, who He was, and with what object He had appeared in this world; and without a doubt it was to the belief that in Him the Eternal Love had incarnated itself for the purpose of taking away the sin of the world that the Christian Church owed its origin and its permanence.

II.

Professor Sanday's article deserves all the praise which has been so liberally bestowed upon it. In fact, it would be difficult to find a parallel among the articles of any encyclopædia to the thoroughness and fineness of its work. It is said that Professor Sanday is preparing a larger work on the same subject, and the article has all the appearance of having had the benefit of wider studies.

In the first place, the writer has taken plenty of room. His article is three times the length of Dr. Bruce's, almost attaining the dimensions of a book. Yet there is no prolixity. Every page is packed with matter. The author has an admirable way not only of dividing his subject under clear and simple heads, but of sub-dividing what falls under each head into a number of particulars; so that he keeps himself always to the point and rapidly quits a topic when he has done with it.

In this way he passes all the features of the Life of Christ under review; and, besides telling the actual story, he gives at the beginning a comprehensive account of the condition of the world which was the matrix of the Life and, at the close, a still more care-

ful estimate of the influence exercised by Jesus on subsequent centuries. Special emphasis is laid on those topics which have recently come much into discussion, and the reader will here become acquainted with what has been done by specialists during the last few years to illuminate this or that point of the subject. Thus, the bearing of the apocalyptic and pseudepigraphical writings which appeared between the Old Testament and the New on the ideas and language of Jesus is recognized; the essence of countless books on the "kingdom of God" and "the Son of man" is distilled into a few pages; and the points are given of the controversies which have been raised of late concerning the Lord's Supper; while older difficulties, like those connected with miracles, are fully dealt with. The strong features of the article are its comprehensiveness and the way in which the knowledge of the reader is brought up to date on what may be called the problems of the Life of Christ.

On all these subjects Professor Sanday has not only read widely and reflected long, but made up his own mind, and it is seldom that he declines to express a decided opinion. His judgments will confirm the convictions of those whose minds are confused with the din of controversy, while they will command the respect of all who have reflected on these topics themselves. It cannot, indeed, be said that his conclusions are all equally reassuring. His speculations, for instance, on the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, which he believes to be a rule for Christian society, but inapplicable to human society in general, will raise in many minds the question, Is not Christ, then, the moral lawgiver for the whole life of humanity? and, if not, who is to fill this great place? In dealing with the very difficult idea of "the Son of man," while rightly holding that the Messianic

reference is the primary one, he concedes too much to the contention that it can ever have been a mere translation of the Aramaic term for "man." When the Greek language had to render from the Hebrew—*e. g.*, in Psalms viii 4 and lxxx 17—the exact equivalent of this Aramaic term, in the sense simply of "man," it did not do so in the phrase with which it renders the favorite name of Jesus; and this difference must have been due to a difference in the mouth of Jesus Himself, if, indeed, He spoke Aramaic in his public addresses. What Dr. Sanday says of the Lord's Supper will be felt to have a certain vagueness; and he should not have assumed without argument that Christian baptism is referred to in the third chapter of St. John as a birth of water and of the Spirit. But it would be ridiculous to expect that in a single article all the problems of the Life of Christ should be solved. It is one of the evidences of the divine greatness of this subject that it is constantly throwing new questions to the surface.

Professor Sanday assumes from the first the attitude of a Christian believer, and nothing is more remarkable in the whole performance than the delicate fervor of faith that is combined with fidelity to facts and with fairness to the opinions of others. He holds that Jesus was from His baptism perfectly conscious of his Messianic vocation, and resolved to found the kingdom of God upon earth; but he had first to transform the conceptions of the kingdom entertained by His contemporaries; and this delayed His full manifestation of Himself, while it accounts for the comparative rarity of testimonies from His own lips in the Gospels. But His work towards the close centred more and more in His own person, and He spoke about Himself with growing freedom. Like Dr. Bruce, Professor Sanday begins with the story as it is

told in the triple tradition; but, after finishing this, he goes back to those incidents which have less ample documentary support, holding that "it by no means follows that what is peculiar to a single Gospel is by that fact stamped as less historical." He gives a long and most sympathetic discussion of the Infancy, showing good reason why the experience of Mary should have been handed down only by St. Luke. The Fourth Gospel is accepted as authoritative, and its guidance is followed, especially in determining the dates of the Ministry. In speaking of the Peorean period, for example, the author says:—

The historical value of the Fourth Gospel comes out strongly in this period. Rarely has any situation been described with the extraordinary vividness and truth to nature of chapter vii. Not less graphic are the details of chapter ix, and there is marked decision in the statements of x 22f., 40f.; xi 54-57.

Professor Sanday is not shackled by any rigid doctrine of inspiration and, therefore, from time to time acknowledges that the record on which he is commenting may be imperfect or even mistaken, but he does not display a particle of the inclination to domineer over his text and glory in the exposure of its assumed imperfections which is so unamiable a feature of much modern criticism. He writes, on the contrary, with unfailing reverence, and with pride in his authorities, being evidently glad when he is able to vindicate their absolute trustworthiness and surrendering their testimony even on little things only with hesitation and dislike.

Here lies the deep gulf between a believing and a disbelieving treatment of the record as Delitzsch pointed out in the theological literature of his own country; and it looks as if it may soon be the line of demarcation

in the religious literature of this country also.

The weakness of this remarkable article lies in its criticism, and this may, in spite of its freshness, soon render it antiquated. The discussion of the Sources in the introduction is meagre, and in marked contrast with the expansiveness which the writer permits himself elsewhere; and, although in the course of the article there are valuable critical principles casually mentioned—the remark is specially important, that the miracles of the triple tradition include not only those of healing but such as the Feeding of the Five Thousand—yet these are not compacted into systematic form, and it may be questioned if they go deep enough. In England the comfortable belief has long prevailed that with the overcoming of the Tübingen Theory serious attacks on the credibility of the Gospels had come to an end, and that Bishop Lightfoot, in his reply to "Natural Religion," had practically said the last word. Old Testament critics, while dismembering the Old Testament books, have kept on assuring the Christian public that there was no danger of a similar process being applied to the historical books of the New Testament. But in Germany, France and Holland there has been practically no cessation of the disintegrating processes of the Tübingen School, although the reasons for setting the incidents aside have somewhat altered; and the Walpurgis dance of interpolation and mythification, with its anonymous authors and redactors, has swept over the Gospels and the Acts in exactly the same way as it is doing over the books of the Old Testament. There are vast quantities of material of this kind accumulated in the theological literature of the Continent; and it is not likely that hands will be wanting to transfer it to Western shores. The scepticism of the Ritschlian School in regard to the Mi-

raculous Birth and the Bodily Resurrection of our Lord is not likely to remain long without imitation in England and America, when the Ritschlian doctrines in general are exerting so widespread an influence; and disbelief on points so cardinal as these will unquestionably be only like the letting-out of water. The criticism of Wendt and Holtzmann breaks up even so compact a Gospel as that of St. Mark, going behind it to a supposed original from which the greatest miracles and the grandest sayings of our Lord are eliminated. There are scholars who, operating with such canons as these—that Jesus can have uttered no testimony to His own Messiahship before the great confession of St. Peter, and that He cannot have spoke a single word about the distant future, because he expected the world to come to an end within a single generation—contract the authentic history within still narrower limits. Should such a conflict be upon us, Professor Sanday would no doubt be one of the most intrepid defenders of the citadel of the faith; but in this article he has hardly given any indication of the weapons with which such an attack could be repulsed.

III.

If the strong point of Dr. Bruce's article is the exposition of the ethical teaching of Jesus, and that of Dr. Sanday's the statement of the actual state of the discussion, the strong point of Dr. Zöckler's article is the registration of relevant literature. In it any one can learn what to read, either on the Life of Christ as a whole or on any section of the subject; and this, it is easy to see, is one of the principal uses of an encyclopædia. Dr. Zöckler supplies a history of the literature of the Life of Christ from the earliest times down to the books of yesterday—from the earliest attempts of Christian bards

to tell the divine story in verse down to the caricatures of socialists and atheists, who, it would appear, on the Continent make use of this strange form of insolence in support of their propaganda.

We are, according to this authority, at present in the critical and scientific stage of the long development. This stage dates from the writings of Schleiermacher and Hase, and its writers are of two schools—the negative and the positive. The negative school has manifested itself in three phases—first, the Mythical, of which Strauss was the great protagonist, representing the miracles as a crown of legend woven for the head of Jesus, the details being suggested by the miracles attributed to the heroes of the Old Testament; secondly the criticism of Tendency, which accounted for the New Testament books as pamphlets produced by the controversies of the Apostolic Age and by the attempts made to reconcile the diverse parties, Baur being here the foremost man, and his subordinates such names as Köstlin, Hilgenfeld and Volkmar; and, thirdly, the Eclectic phase, which is most prominent at the present hour, and in which the ideas of myth and tendency are both made use of, while recourse is also had to the older naturalistic explanations of miracle, and an idealizing activity is at work volatilizing the evangelic history into legend and romance; Renan's being here the principal name, while others are Schenkel, Keim, Wittichen, Schmidt, the author of "Supernatural Religion," Réville, Loman and Brandt. The positive school has carried on a vigorous and successful apologetic against all these different phases of negative criticism; and Zöckler gives happy and generous characterizations of the principal works that have appeared not only in German, but in French, Dutch and English also.

In addition to this history of opinion on the subject as a whole, the author carefully traces the phases of opinion and enumerates the most important books and even learned articles of every important problem of the Life; and from these lists students will obtain excellent guidance for the study of special aspects of the subject. Sometimes, indeed, the author himself appears to grow a little weary of the endless enumeration of authorities; and in one place he actually refers to Sanday's article for the full names of a number of German books.

It is a remarkable fact that of the articles in the three encyclopedias the German one is decidedly the most orthodox. And this is not the only indication furnished by the new edition of the greatest theological encyclopædia in the world that there are large sections of the learned world in Germany on which extreme views in criticism have made little impression, and that, in the conflicts lying before us in England and America, we may be able to fetch our weapons of defence from the country which we have been wont to think of as the source of all that is arbitrary and extreme. While giving very fully the history of the criticism of the Sources, Zöckler himself does not acknowledge any varying scale of values as belonging to the four Gospels or to any portions of them. At the most, he only acknowledges a certain subjective element in St. John's reports of our Lord's discourses, and of course he recognizes that one of the Evangelists is more important for one purpose and another for another; but, while even Dr. Sanday speaks freely of the mistakes of the Evangelists, I do not remember that Dr. Zöckler acknowledges a single real discrepancy, except it be in the date of the Last Supper, where he prefers the account of St. John. He goes so far as to say nothing but prejudice stands in the

way of believing that St. Matthew may have produced our first Gospel as it stands by translating his own *logia* into Greek and furnishing them with historical settings. His belief in the traditional view of Jesus adopted by Christianity is no hesitating one, but confident and full-blooded, and he writes as one who knows himself able to give an account to all comers of the faith that is in him.

The following extract, on the burning question of our Lord's Bodily Resurrection, will be read with interest, both on account of the information it conveys as to the present state of opinion in Germany and as a specimen of the author's style:—

The Vision Theory exerts an almost unlimited sovereignty at present among the ranks of theological liberalism, and this in such a way that by the representatives of this tendency who have advanced furthest towards the left the visionary appearance of Christ seen by the disciples is conceived as purely subjective, whereas the more moderate liberalism seeks to refer the appearances of the Risen One to objective, that is, in a certain sense real and God-caused sights or visions. The former modification virtually ends in representing the belief in the Resurrection as having arisen from the hallucination or self-deception of the disciples; thus Renan, Strauss, H. Lang, Hausrath, Holsten, on the whole also H. Ewald. On the contrary, the representatives of the objective Vision Theory claim, if not a bodily yet a spiritual reality for the self-manifestations of the Christ, who now lives in a higher form of existence. Christ is, according to them, not indeed in a corporal manner but in a spiritual sense, really risen, to live on and reign as the spiritual head of His Church; the visions caused by Him among the company of His disciples are actual, if only internal, miracles—genuine acts of God, serving for the laying of the foundation of the kingdom of Christ, true manifestations of the exalted Saviour to His own, as well

as "telegrams from heaven" to the children of God upon earth. So especially Keim, Schweizer, H. Lotze, Weizsäcker, Holtzmann, Pfeiderer and Réville. . . . Both theories, the objective as well as the subjective, differ only in degree not in fact, and in the one as well as in the other form, they are irreconcilable with the historical fact that out of the belief in the Resurrection on the part of the apostles there has issued not a transient and ultimately extinguished religious movement, but the perfect new birth of the spiritual life of humanity, the establishment of a kingdom of truth and love, the victory of which over the powers that resist it is certain, and the everlasting duration of which is beyond all question. By the effects of the faith of the apostles, as seen in the origin of the Church and the new birth of the world, the Vision Hypothesis is condemned in each of the forms which it has heretofore assumed, and in every modification which it ever can assume in the future.

The immediately imminent problem of the Life of Christ is the attempt to reconstruct out of our present Gospels the apostolic Source from which they were derived; and it is possible that this may not be beyond the reach of biblical science, though of course it will afford opportunities for almost unlimited conjecture. To such an attempt those will naturally look with hope who dislike and distrust dogmatic Christianity; because it is not unnatural to suppose that the original picture may have been more simple and human than the one elaborated at a later period. If, however, this should turn out to be the case, it would not necessarily follow that the simpler representation is the more correct. Later information may be not only fuller but more accurate than a first report. The Parable of the Prodigal Son occurs only in St. Luke—not the earliest of the Gospels—but is there any single thing attributed to our Lord which bears His stamp

more unmistakably? Certain it is, that, the simpler and less miraculous the story of Jesus becomes, the more difficult is it to reconcile it with the facts of history indubitably disclosed in the writings of St. Paul. From these documents we learn with absolute certainty that, within a quarter of a century of our Lord's death and before any one of our present Gospels was written, there was received without question in the young Christian communities a Christology substantially identical with that which is now the faith of Christendom. Whence was this derived? If it can be shown that it was not derived from the tradition which forms the basis of the Synoptic Gospels, then it is certain that the infant Church must have been also in possession of another tradition, virtually identical with the Gospel of St. John; for there is nothing of importance in the Christology of St. John that is not to be found also in the Epistles of St. Paul.

The acknowledged fact that the Gospels did not come into existence till at least a generation after the passing of Jesus from the earth will always afford to what may be called scrupulous historical consciences the opportunity of doubting whether in the in-

terval the facts may not have been tampered with, and this alarm may at any time communicate itself to the general public. It is with the view of meeting such a state of mind that a writer like Resch has, with the labor of a lifetime, endeavored to reconstruct the apostolic source; and he is able to persuade himself that he can present the record as it existed within half a dozen years of the Crucifixion. It is impossible to follow his course even at a distance without being infected with his enthusiasm; and, from the historical point of view, the attempt is of engrossing interest. But it cannot be ignored that too frequently the motive of such reconstructions is a different one; it is the desire to eliminate or to minimize the supernatural. On this account the testimony of St. Paul will probably in the near future assume more and more importance, as it is seen that the interval between the death of Jesus and the writing of the Gospels is not a blank, but is filled with historical documents of the very first order, testifying to a faith in the divinity of our Lord so calm, widespread and undisputed that it can only be explained as the reflex of Christ's own testimony concerning Himself.

James Stalker.

London Quarterly Review.

WITENAGEMOT.

Mother of Parliaments, hast thou so wrought
 That men must hear who tarry at thy walls
 The teasing utterance of pedant thought
 And peevish clamor of parochial brawls?
 Shall England shape from this her strenuous course,
 Or gather courage at the battling prow,—
 From factious cry and jape of tedious mime?
 While all about her is the opposing force
 And hot contention of the world,—and thou
 Keeping the chronicles of wasted time.

The lion is for England, not the mouse;
So are we weary of the wainscot note
That mocks the echoes of our Senate house:
Fretted by timid thought, obedient vote,
And weary of that seminary hate,
That schoolgirl bickering which tweaks the air;
For with the shock of battle and the sense
Of new-born empire breathing thro' the State,—
Stirreth in this great England's heart the prayer
For dominant pilots of her providence.

He cannot whistle Britain to his heel
Who yawns into the lists with laggard gait,
Fondling of moods, contemptuous of zeal,
And blowing wine-glass epigrams to Fate;
Nay, he must feel in every nerve and vein
The heart of England beating to her goal,
Must feel that goodly sap within his bones,
And all her purpose vibrant in his brain,
Must hear with every step her thunder roll—
Whose hand would strike for England thro' the zones.

The teacup storm that sees thy levies hurl'd,
That shakes thy factions, eats thy Sessions up.
Brings not a tremor to the marching world,
Rocks not one ripple o'er the lip o' the cup.
This is thine eloquence; and thou art dumb
When India whispers in thy vacant halls,
Or thro' thine ale-house stammerings is caught
The voice of Greater Britain. Thou'rt become
An old man, garrulous, round whose close walls
Grows up a Younger World, beyond his thought.

Must we make mourn for thee, and whiles we grieve
Gaze from the tiltings of thy mimic hosts
To where those great Pro-Consuls steadfast weave
The woof of empery on distal coasts?
Cromer and Milner! Verily do we spare
Our wisest to the boundaries;—and lo
The will of England shapes that these should come
To lead her far-embordered hosts, from where
Thy tangled sects now make the State a show,
And at the call of destiny are dumb.

Harold Begbie.

The London Times.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE PUBLIC.

They often tell me that So-and-so has no sense of humor. Lack of this sense is everywhere held to be a horrid disgrace, nullifying any number of delightful qualities. Perhaps the most effective means of disparaging an enemy is to lay stress on his integrity, his erudition, his amiability, his courage, the fineness of his head, the grace of his figure, his strength of purpose, which has overleaped all obstacles, his goodness to his parents, his devotion to his wife, the kind word that he has for every one, his musical voice, his display of all the most lovable qualities in human nature, his utter freedom from aught that in human nature is base; and then to say what a pity it is that he has no sense of humor. The more highly you extol any one, the more eagerly will your audience accept anything you may have to say against him. Conversely, the longer the list you give of his defects, the richer the soil for your final seed of praise. Perfection is unloved in this imperfect world, whereas for imperfection comes instant sympathy. Whereas any excuse is good enough for exalting the bad or stupid brother of us, any stick is a welcome weapon against him who has the effrontery to have been by Heaven better graced than we. And what weapon could match for deadliness the imputation of being without sense of humor? To say that a man lacks that sense is to strike him with one blow to a level with the beasts of the field—to kick him, once and for all, outside the human pale. What is it that mainly distinguishes us from the brute creation? That we walk erect? Some brutes are bipeds. That we do not slay one another? We do. That we build houses? So do they. That we remember and

reason? So, again, do they. That we converse? They are chatter-boxes, whose lingo we are not sharp enough to master. On no possible point of superiority can we preen ourselves save this: that we can laugh, and that they, with one specific exception, cannot. They (so, at least, we assert) have no sense of humor. We have. Away with any one of us who hasn't!

Belief in the general humorousness of the human race is the more deep-rooted for that every man is certain that he himself is not without sense of humor. A man will admit cheerfully that he does not know one tune from another, or that he cannot discriminate the vintages of wines. The blind beggar does not seek to benumb sympathy by telling his almsgivers how well they are looking. The deaf and dumb do not scruple to converse in signals. "Have you no sense of beauty?" I said to a friend who, one day, in the Louvre, suggested that we had been standing long enough beneath the "Winged Victory." "No!" was his simple, straightforward, quite unanswerable answer. But I have never heard a man assert that he had no sense of humor. And I take it that no such assertion ever was made. Moreover, were it made, it would be a lie. Every man laughs. Frequently or infrequently, the corners of every man's mouth are drawn up into his cheeks, and through his parted lips comes his own particular variety, soft or loud, of that noise which is called laughter. Frequently or infrequently, every man is amused by something. Every man has a sense of humor, but not every man the same sense. A may be incapable of smiling at what has convulsed B, and B may stare blankly when he hears what has rolled

A off his chair. Jokes are so diverse that no one man can see them all. The very fact that he can see one kind is proof positive that certain other kinds will be invisible to him. And so egoistic in his judgment is the average man that he is apt to suspect of being humorless any one whose sense of humor squares not with his own. But the suspicion is always false, incomparably useful though it is in the form of an accusation.

As a weekly critic of drama, embittered against the public because it can and does, in my opinion, mar the art which it ought to be making—that one art which without its help hardly can be made—I have often accused the public of having no sense of humor. To Ishmael, with his hand against all men, and every man's hand against his, some license in controversy is due. That pathetic hand may be pardoned, surely, for snatching up a weapon un-sanctioned by the rules of the game. Nevertheless, my conscience pricks me to atonement. Let me withdraw my oft-made imputation, and show its holowness by examining with you, reader (who are, of course, no more a member of the public than I am), what are the main features of that sense of humor which the public does undoubtedly possess.

The word "public" must, like all collective words, be used with caution. When we speak of our hair, we should remember not only that the hairs on our heads are all numbered, but also that there is a catalogue raisonné in which every one of those hairs is shown to be in some respect unique. Similarly, let us not forget that "public" denotes a collection not of identical units, but of units separable and (under close scrutiny) distinguishable one from another. I have said that not every man has the same sense of humor. I might have said truly that no two men have the same sense of

humor, for that no two men have the same brain and temperament and experience, by which the sense of humor is formed and directed. One joke may go round the world, tickling myriads, but not two persons will be tickled in precisely the same way, to precisely the same degree. If the vibrations of inward or outward laughter could be (as some day, perhaps, they will be) scientifically registered, differences between them all would be made apparent to us. "Oh," is your cry, whenever you hear something that especially amuses you, "I must tell that to," whomever you credit with a sense of humor most akin to your own. And the chances are that you will be disappointed by his reception of the joke. Either he will laugh less loudly than you hoped, or he will say something which reveals to you that it amuses him and you not in quite the same way. Or perhaps he will laugh so long and loudly that you are irritated by the suspicion that you have not yourself gauged the full beauty of it. In one of his books (I do not remember which, though they, too, I suppose, are all numbered) Mr. Andrew Lang tells a story that has always delighted and always will delight me. He was in a railway-carriage, and his travelling-companions were two strangers, two silent ladies, middle-aged. The train stopped at Salisbury. The two ladies exchanged a glance. One of them sighed, and said, "Poor Jane! She had reason to remember Salisbury!" . . . That is all. But how much! how deliciously and memorably much! How infinite a span of conjecture is in those dots which I have just made! And yet, would you believe me? some of my most intimate friends, the people most like to myself, see little or nothing of the loveliness of that pearl of price. Perhaps you *would* believe me. That is the worst of it: one never knows. The most sensitive intelligence cannot pre-

dict how will be appraised its any treasure by its how near soever kin.

This sentence, which I admit to be somewhat affected, has the merit of bringing me straight to the point at which I have been aiming; that, though the public is composed of distinct units, it may roughly be regarded as a single entity. Precisely because you and I have sensitive intelligences, we cannot postulate certainly anything about each other. The higher an animal be in grade, the more numerous and recondite are the points in which its organism differs from that of his peers. The lower the grade, the more numerous and obvious the points of likeness. By "the public," I mean that vast number of human animals who are in the lowest grade of intelligence. (Of course, this classification is made without reference to social "classes." The public is recruited from the upper, the middle and the lower class. That the recruits come mostly from the lower class is because the lower class is still the least well-educated. That they come in as high proportion from the middle class as from the less well-educated upper class, is because the "young Barbarians," reared in a more gracious environment, often acquire a grace of mind which serves them as well as would mental keenness.) Whereas in the highest grade, to which you and I belong, the fact that a thing affects you in one way is no guarantee that it will not affect me in another, a thing which affects one man of the lowest grade in a particular way is likely to affect all the rest very similarly. The public's sense of humor may be regarded roughly as one collective sense.

It would be impossible for any one of us to define what are the things that amuse him. For him the wind of humor bloweth where it listeth. He finds his jokes in the unlikeliest places. Indeed, it is only there that he finds them at all. A thing that is labelled

"comic" chills his sense of humor instantly—perceptibly lengthens his face. A joke that has not a serious background, or some serious connection, means nothing to him. Nothing to him, the crude jape of the professional jester. Nothing to him the jangle of the bells in the wagged cap, the thud of the swung bladder. Nothing, the joke that hits him violently in the eye or pricks him with a sharp point. The jokes that he loves are those quiet jokes which have no apparent point—the jokes which never can surrender their secret, and so can never pall. His humor is an indistinguishable part of his soul, and the things that stir it are indistinguishable from the world around him. But for the primitive, untutored public, humor is a harshly definite affair. The public can achieve no delicate process of discernment in humor. Unless a joke hits it in the eye, drawing forth a shower of illuminative sparks, all is darkness for the public. Unless a joke be labelled "Comic. Come! why don't you laugh?" the public is quite silent. Violence and obviousness are thus the essential factors. The surest way of making a thing obvious is to provide it in some special place, at some special time. It is thus that humor is provided for the public, and thus that it is easy for the student to lay his hand on materials for an analysis of the public's sense of humor. The obviously right plan for the student is to visit the music-halls from time to time, and to buy the comic papers. Neither these halls nor these papers will amuse him directly through their art, but he will instruct himself quicklier and soundlier from them than from any other source, for they are the authentic sources of the public's laughter. Let him hasten to patronize them.

He will find that I have been there before him. The music-halls I have known for many years. I mean, of

course, the real old-fashioned music-halls, not those depressing palaces where you see by grace of a biograph things that you have seen much better, and without a headache, in the street, and pitiable animals being forced to do things which Nature has forbidden them to do—things which we can do so very much better than they, without any trouble. Heaven defend me from those meaningless palaces! But the little old music-halls have always attracted me by their unpretentious raciness, their quaint monotony, the reality of the enjoyment on all those stolidly rapt faces in the audience. Without that monotony there would not be the same air of general enjoyment, the same constant guffaws. That monotony is the secret of the success of music-halls. It is not enough for the public to know that everything is meant to be funny, that laughter is craved for every point in every "turn." A new kind of humor, how obvious and violent soever, might take the public unawares and be received in silence. The public prefers always that the old well-tested and well-seasoned jokes be cracked for it. Or rather, not the same old jokes, but jokes on the same old subjects. The quality of the joke is of slight import in comparison with its subject. It is the matter, rather than the treatment, that counts, in the art of the music-hall. Some subjects have come to be recognized as funny. Two or three of them crop up in every song, and before the close of the evening all of them will have cropped up many times. I speak with authority, as an earnest student of the music-halls. Of comic papers I know less. They have never allured me. They are not set to music—an art for whose cheaper and more primitive forms I have a very real sensibility; and I am not, as I peruse them, privy to the public's delight in them—my copy cannot be shared with me by hundreds of people whose

mirth is wonderful to see and hear. And the bare contents are not such as to enchant me. However, for the purpose of this essay, I did go to a bookstall and buy as many of these papers as I could see—a terrific number, a terrific burden to stagger away with. I have gone steadily through them, one by one. My main impression is of wonder and horror at the amount of hebdomadal labor implicit in them. Who writes for them? Who does the drawings for them—those thousands of little drawings, week by week, so neatly executed? To think that daily and nightly, in so many an English home, in a room sacred to the artist, sits a young man inventing and executing designs for "Chippy Snips!" To think how many a proud mother must be boasting to her friends: "Yes, Edward is doing wonderfully well—more than fulfilling the hopes we always had of him. Did I tell you that the editor of 'Natty Tips' has written asking him to contribute to his paper? I believe I have the letter on me. Yes, here it is," etc., etc.! The awful thing is that many of the drawings in these comic papers are done with very real skill. Nothing is sadder than to see the hand of an artist wasted by alliance to a vacant mind, a common spirit. I look through these drawings, conceived all so tritely and stupidly, so hopelessly and helplessly, yet executed—some of them—so very well indeed, and I sigh over the haphazard way in which mankind is made. However, my concern is not with the tragedy of these draughtsmen, but with the specific forms taken by their humor. Some of them deal in a broad spirit with the world-comedy, limiting themselves to no set of funny subjects, finding inspiration in the habits and manners of men and women at large. "He Won Her" is the title appended to a picture of a young lady and gentleman seated in a drawing-room, and the libretto

runs thus: "*Mabel*: Last night I dreamt of a most beautiful woman. *Harold*: Rather a coincidence. I dreamt of you, too, last night." I have selected this as a typical example of the larger style. This style, however, occupies but a small space in the bulk of the papers that lie before me. As in the music-halls, so in these papers, the entertainment consists almost entirely of variations on certain ever-recurring themes. I have been at pains to draw up a list of these themes. I think it is exhaustive. If any fellow-student detect an omission, let him communicate with me. Meanwhile, here is my list:-

- Mothers-in-law.
- Hen-pecked husbands.
- Twins.
- Old maids.
- Jews.
- Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Niggers (not Russians or other foreigners of any denomination).
- Fatness.
- Thinness.
- Long hair (worn by a man).
- Baldness.
- Sea-sickness.
- Stuttering.
- "Bloomers."
- Bad cheese.
- "Shooting the moon" (slang expression for leaving a lodging-house without paying the bill).
- Red noses.

You might argue that one week's budget of comic papers is no real criterion—that the recurrence of these themes may be fortuitous. My answer to that objection is that this list coincides exactly with a list which (before studying these papers) I had made of the themes commonest during the past ten years, in the music-halls. This twin list, which results from separate study of the two chief forms of public entertainment, may be taken as a sure guide to the goal of our inquiry.

Let us try to find some unifying principle, or principles, among the varie-

gated items. Take the first item—"Mothers-in-law." Why should the public roar, as roar it does, at the mere mention of that relationship? There is nothing intrinsically absurd in the notion of a woman with a married daughter. It is probable that she will sympathize with her daughter in any quarrel that may arise between husband and wife. It is probable, also, that she will, as a mother, demand for her daughter more unselfish devotion than the daughter herself expects. But this does not make her ridiculous. The public laughs not at her, surely. It always respects a tyrant. It laughs at the implied concept of the oppressed son-in-law, who has to wage unequal warfare against two women. It is amused by the notion of his embarrassment. It is amused by suffering. This explanation covers, of course, the second item on my list—"Hen-pecked husbands." It covers also the third and fourth items. The public is amused by the notion of a needy man put to double expense, and of a woman who has had no chance of fulfilling her destiny. The laughter at Jews, too, may be a survival of the old Jew-baiting spirit (though one would have thought that even the British public must have begun to realize, and to reflect gloomily, that the whirligig of time has so far revolved as to enable the Jews to bait the Gentiles). Or this laughter may be explained by the fact which alone can explain why the public laughs at "Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Niggers." Jews, after all, are foreigners, strangers. The British public has never got used to them, to their faces and tricks of speech. The only apparent reason why it laughs at the notion of "Frenchmen, etc., " is that they are unlike itself. (At the mention of "Russians and other foreigners" it does not laugh, because it has no idea what they are like; it has seen too few samples of them.) So far, then, we have

found two elements in the public's humor: delight in suffering, contempt for the unfamiliar. The former motive is the more potent. It accounts for the popularity of all these other items: "extreme fatness," "extreme thinness," "baldness," "sea-sickness," "stuttering," "shooting the moon" (as entailing distress for the landlady), and "red noses." The motive of contempt for the unfamiliar accounts for two of the remaining items: "long hair (worn by a man)" and "bloomers." Remains one item unexplained. How can mirth possibly be evoked by the notion of "bad cheese?" Having racked my brains for the solution, I can but conjecture that it must be the mere ugliness of the thing. Why any one should be amused by mere ugliness I cannot conceive. Delight in cruelty, contempt for the unfamiliar, I can understand, though I cannot admire them. They are invariable elements in

Pall Mall Magazine.

children's sense of humor, and it is natural that the public, as being unsophisticated and therefore childlike, should laugh as children laugh. But any nurse will tell you that children are frightened by ugliness. Why, then, is the public amused by it? I know not. The laughter at "bad cheese" I abandon as a mystery. I pitch it among such other insoluble problems as "Why does the public laugh when an actor and actress in a quite serious play kiss each other?" "Why does it laugh when a meal is eaten on the stage?" "Why does it laugh when any actor has to say 'damn'?"

If they cannot be solved soon, such problems will never be solved. For Mr. Forster's Act will soon have had time to make apparent its effects. Soon the public will proudly possess a sense of humor as sophisticated, reader, as ours.

Max Beerbohm.

ANTICIPATIONS.

A very entertaining book might be written by collecting together all the cases in which poets and play-writers and novelists have anticipated the triumphs of later science. A correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" has just called attention to such a case, in which the Spanish dramatist Calderon uttered "a very clear prevision of Marconi's wireless telegraphy." The passage in question occurs in Act II of "El Medico de su Honra," and may be freely translated as follows: "They say that when two instruments are properly attuned together, they communicate to each other their wind-borne echoes; touch the one instrument and the winds excite its fellow, though none be near

it." Of course Calderon referred in this passage to the well-known principle of resonance, and it is hardly accurate to twist his words into a prophecy of wireless telegraphy. A much closer approximation to Mr. Marconi's discovery, however, is to be found in the writings of a contemporary of Calderon, Strada, the learned Jesuit historian whose "Prolusiones" were published at Rome in the year following Shakespeare's death. Strada tells us how two friends carried on their correspondence "by the help of a certain Loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so

great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner." Of course, the modern reader sees in this a premonition of our telegraph, in which the electric impulse, propagated in the older fashion along a wire or in the new way by a simple radiation in the ether, causes a magnetic needle to move according to the signals transcribed by the sender of the message. Strada went on to describe how these two friends made a kind of "alphabetic telegraph," as one of the predecessors of the telephone was called—a dial-face with the letters of the alphabet round its edge and a needle in the midst which could be made to point to any of them at will. These correspondents saw no need for wires, or even for the simpler apparatus which Mr. Marconi requires. "When they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts." Even Mr. Marconi has not yet attained such simplicity as this, though Professor Ayrton (as we lately pointed out) believes that we shall reach an even higher standard one day.

A classical instance of the novelist's "intelligent anticipation" of future scientific discoveries is afforded by Swift in the inimitable "*Gulliver's Travels*." In the third part of that immortal work he describes the discovery of two satellites of Mars by the Laputan as-

tronomers. When Swift wrote astronomy had not advanced greatly beyond Huygens's contentment with the twelve bodies—six planets and six satellites—which made up the "perfect number" of the solar system. Certainly no one suspected that Mars had moons of its own. Thus Swift made a very wild guess when he announced of the Laputan philosophers: "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and an half." Not only were there no grounds for the prediction of two satellites, but such an estimate of their distance from the planet was unprecedented; it was as if our moon should be within twenty-two thousand miles of the earth, and rise and set twice or thrice in the twenty-four hours. Nothing could be more improbable. Yet in 1877 Professor Asaph Hall, with the great Washington equatorial, actually discovered two tiny satellites of Mars, whose distances from the planet are $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ diameters, whilst their periods are $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 30 hours respectively. The agreement with Swift's guess is in the main so remarkable that it is hardly possible to ascribe it to mere accident; and yet these satellites are the merest points of light, which no telescope in existence before Herschel's day could possibly have shown. Some people assert that Swift had some extra-scientific means of knowing the truth by crystal-gazing, or astral currents, or one of the various uncanny methods which come within the scope of the Society for Psychical Research. Like Herodotus, one prefers not to say what one thinks of this interesting theory. Another curious anticipation of astronomical discovery is to be seen in Shelley's beautiful poem, "*The Witch of*

"Atlas," where he transforms the mother of his heroine into—

One of those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the
Earth and Mars.

It was long supposed that this was merely a blunder. Shelley had heard of the recent discovery of certain minor planets, or asteriods, in the great gap between Mars and Jupiter, and he had made a slight mistake in his reference to them. No doubt his apology would have been the same as Dr. Johnson's for his famous mistake about the horse's pastern—"Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance!" But about three years ago it was discovered for the first time that at least one minor planet does revolve between the orbits of the earth and Mars. This is the famous Eros, which comes nearer to the earth than any celestial body but the moon, and which is expected to throw so much light on the actual dimensions of the solar system. Thus Shelley was not a mere blunderer, but a prophet—as he always held that the true poet was bound to be.

We can only glance at many other cases of similar anticipations which are known to students of this branch of literature. A notable instance is Fénelon's suggestion of photography in his imaginary travels. "There was no painter in that land," he says, "but if anybody wished to have the portrait of a friend, of a picture, a beautiful landscape, or of any other object, water was placed in great basins of gold or silver, and the object desired to be copied was placed in front of that water. After a time the water froze and became a glass mirror, on which an ineffaceable image remained." Here, as in many similar cases, it seems reasonable to suppose that "the wish was father to the thought;" in other words, we may say that the thoughtful writer described a desirable thing which seemed

possible, and left the future man of science to devise the means for attaining it. It is hardly necessary to think with Sir Thomas Browne that "many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelation of spirits." At least, we need not ascribe such an origin to so natural an anticipation as that of the Paris "moving platform" by Rabelais in his "Isle of Odes." It has been suggested, with somewhat less show of reason, that Rabelais gave the world its first hint of the possibility of the phonograph in his account of the frozen words that startled Pantagruel and his joyous crew on their voyage to the oracle of the Holy Bottle. A recent correspondence in "Nature" pointed out that Virgil had spoken of liquid air, whilst Lucien had described the inhabitants of the moon, seventeen centuries ago, as drinking "air squeezed or compressed into a goblet," where it formed a kind of dew. The reader cannot but think of Professor Dewar's vacuum-jacketed vessels, though even the thirsty American visitor who complains so bitterly of the lack of ice and cool drinks in the English summer has not yet ventured on liquid air as a constituent of his cobblers and sangarees. In the "New Atlantis" Bacon predicts submarine boats and "some degrees of flying in the air," which last phrase is a clear anticipation of M. Santos-Dumont.

Of course Bacon can hardly be taken as a fair instance of the mere novelist, any more than Mr. H. G. Wells; it was his business to anticipate. Ben Jonson, however, has a curious account of the submarine boat or torpedo in one of his plays, which is open to no such objection. This was supposed to be constructed by the Dutch, then our chief maritime rival:—

It is an automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble
tail

Made like an auger, with which tail
she wriggles
Between the costs of a ship, and sinks
it straight.

But the most extraordinary book of all is that which the Marquis of Worcester published in 1655, with its forecasts of telegraphs, steam-engines, flying

and calculating machines, dynamite shells and torpedoes, ironclads, quick-firing guns and revolvers. Unfortunately the Marquis omitted to explain how any of these things could be made, and so we may fairly include his "Century of Inventions" among the forecasts of fiction.

The Spectator.

AN IRISH CHEER.

Whether the Irish members who expressed their delight at the defeat of an English force and the capture of an English general were few or many, and whether they would have behaved differently had Mr. Redmond been present are not matters of much importance. Probably Mr. Redmond would have been able to restrain this injudicious display of feeling, and we have no doubt that he would have used whatever power he possesses over his followers for that purpose. But this need mean nothing more than that Mr. Redmond is alive to considerations of time and place, and that these would have availed to restrain him from allowing his party to say at Westminster what he himself would willingly say elsewhere. The incident is really valuable, as showing with exceptional clearness the true temper of the Irish people. There is no need to fly into a rage because they avow themselves our enemies. The Home Rule controversy postulates the persistence of Irish disloyalty. Why did Mr. Gladstone introduce his Home Rule Bills? No one now living is better able to answer this question than Mr. Morley, and he took occasion to answer it last Wednesday. The fact of Irish disloyalty, he said, "was constantly present to all of us in that great battle.... One of the main motives of many of

those who supported the Bill of 1886 was to do something, if something could be done, to substitute a healing feeling for this grievous wound." The opposition to the Bill of 1886 was based on an equally strong recognition of the same fact. The Unionist objection to Home Rule had its origin in the conviction that the government of a disloyal nation could not safely be made over to an independent Parliament. The breach in the Liberal Party arose from the incapacity of either section to understand the position of the other. To the Home Ruler the concession of self-government seemed the only possible cure for the Irish malady. To the Unionist this way out of the difficulty was unthinkable. The desire of the Irish people for independence was only intelligible on the assumption that the first use to which they would put their independence would be to annoy the nation from which they had extorted it.

Lord Rosebery is the most distinguished instance of a conversion from one of these doctrines to the other. By what mental process he has reached his new conclusion it is hard to say—not because that conclusion is not a perfectly sound one, but because, if it is sound to-day, it was equally sound in 1886. The important thing, however, is that he has reached it, that he is "not prepared at any time or under

any circumstances to grant an independent Parliament in Dublin." Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon have done what Mr. Parnell failed to do. They have convinced Lord Rosebery that an independent Irish Parliament means an independent Ireland. The Irish cheers in the House of Commons on Monday night were merely an incidental proof of this. They showed that a nation which would fight England to-morrow, if it could, is necessarily in sympathy with those, be they whom they may, who are fighting England to-day. But incidental proofs sometimes carry conviction more surely than direct proofs. Demands for independence uttered in Dublin or in New York make little impression on English politicians. But when the news of Lord Methuen's defeat and capture received a hearty Irish welcome, what we knew in theory all along is recognized as a fact, and given the importance which belongs to facts. There is no need to assume that it is a permanent and inevitable fact. National feeling does sometimes change, national hatred does sometimes wear out; and years of wise and consistent government may have this effect even in Ireland. But the process must at best be a slow one, and it will not so much as begin unless the Irish people realize that England will encounter any danger and any labor rather than give an avowed enemy an independent position within sixty miles of our shores.

From this last point of view we are disposed to think that the proceedings of Monday will have their use. When people hear that the news of a serious reverse and of the capture of a popular general has evoked a display of Nationalist enthusiasm, and that by the advice of his Ministers the King has abandoned his intention of visiting Ireland in the present year, the fact of Irish disloyalty will be brought home to many who would not notice Nation-

alist speeches or Nationalist articles. And among these many there certainly will be some followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We doubt whether their leader will speak quite so confidently about Home Rule the next time he addresses his party. However he may propose to deal with Irish disloyalty he will no longer be able to treat it as of no significance. That part of the Imperial Legislature should have cheered the announcement of a reverse to the Imperial arms places the fact beyond the reach of doubt. Then will come the question, What is to be its effect on so much of the Liberal Party as clings to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? We cannot but think that it will be considerable. For the present, of course, it matters little. The old alliance between the Nationalists and the Liberals is at an end, and there is no immediate gain to be reaped by contracting a new one. But the present political slack water will not last forever. By-and-by there will come a time when the Liberal Party, after slowly gathering its resources together, will discover that it is only separated from office by the want of a few dozen more votes. Standing alone it finds itself a minority—powerful, indeed, but still a minority. How are these indispensable votes to be had? In England and Scotland the pendulum has swung as far back as it seems likely to go, and yet there are these votes wanting. Then the Liberal whips may once more turn their thoughts to the days when the Nationalist vote might safely be counted on in every critical division, and may ask themselves whether a fresh adoption of Home Rule policy may not unite the Liberal and the Irish parties as firmly as in the later years of Mr. Gladstone's life. The temptation will be great, for office and power will be within their reach if they can but convince the Nationalist leaders that the cause of

an independent Ireland will be furthered by a renewal of the old relations between the parties. It may be that the scene of Monday will have its use when this time comes, that the Irish cheers at the news of an English de-

feat will ring in the ears of many Liberals who, but for this, would still be Home Rulers, and that the Union may be saved by the indiscreet frankness of a fraction of its assailants.

The Economist.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Writing in "The Athenaeum," a friend of the late Dr. Gardiner recalls the fact that the great historian felt a certain amount of regret because he had been persuaded to write the beautifully illustrated monograph on Cromwell issued by Messrs. Goupil. The reason for his regret he expressed in this characteristic way:—

"I am half sorry I ever undertook it; the pictures were so good, I felt obliged to try after a better style than I usually write, and it interrupted me sadly. I think it has checked me by nearly a volume."

"The Silent Pioneer," whose adventures at his master's side Lucy Cleaver McElroy narrates in her story of frontier life in Kentucky, is a dumb hound who finds voice at the critical moment and gives the warning which saves the heroine of the tale from the band of savages who have held her captive through three quarters of its pages. Without marked artistic or literary merit, the book is wholesome in tone and well adapted to the taste of those for whom the rapid succession of incident is the gauge of pleasure. Daniel Boone figures as one of its leading characters. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The complete program of the International Congress for the Historical Sciences, which is to be held at Rome this month, has been published. The Congress will meet from April 21st to

30th. The different sections (twenty in number) will be held in different places: the Academy of St. Cecilia, the University of the Collegio Romano, Società Geografica and elsewhere. An art exhibition is to be open during the Congress in the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, and arrangements have been made for a series of theatrical and musical entertainments. On the conclusion of the special work of the Congress there will be an excursion to Naples and Pompeii, from April 30th to May 3d, and excavations are to be made at the latter place in honor of the visit of the delegates.

Mrs. Asquith recently advertised in "The London Times" for the return of an odd volume on Napoleon which she had lent to an unknown borrower. Thereupon the unprincipled parodist of "Books of To-day and Books of Tomorrow" submitted the following anticipations of similar requests:—

Lord Rosebery regrets that he kept Mrs. Asquith's Napoleon volume so long; and he takes this opportunity of asking for the immediate return of "The Strenuous Life."

Mr. Brodrick would esteem it a favor if his copy of "Points of the Horse," which he cannot find, were at once returned to him, as he has urgent need for it.

Sir Francis Knollys begs to announce that the copy of "Brewer's Phrase and Fable," lately used at Court, is now done with.

Mr. Chamberlain would be much

obliged by the return of his copy of the "Bible," if Mr. Kruger has quite finished with it.

Studies in the morbid put the powers of the genuine artist to their severest test, and there is an effect of amateur work in the sketch of irresponsible, cruel egotism which Zoe Anderson Morris names "The Color of his Soul." It is clever enough, and the quality of sincerity is not wholly lacking. But a theme so repulsive demands a singleness of purpose quite inconsistent with the irrelevancies and flippancies which appear here. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mr. Bertram Dobell reports the curious discovery that Oliver Goldsmith, at some time previous to the publication of "The Traveller," printed the greater part of the poem under the title of "A Prospect of Society." The work, as thus printed, differed greatly from the poem in its completed form. The arrangement of the verses was different, and there were many changes in the text. Thus the line which Dr. Johnson claimed,

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go"

appears in "A Prospect of Society" in the following form:—

"And faintly fainter, fainter seems to go."

And the well-known lines,

"I see the lords of human kind pass by
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye"—

stand thus in "A Prospect of Society":

"I see the lords of mankind pass me by
With haughty port, defiance in their eye."

Mr. Dobell is about to publish a verbatim reprint of his discovery with a preface and a dedication to Mr. Austin Dobson.

At a recent dinner to Austin Dobson in London, the following tribute to the guest of the evening, from an anonymous poet whose facility in the turning of verses rivals that of Mr. Dobson himself was read:—

A fool might think (and what is worse
Is

Some of the stupid wise have said it)
That Austin Dobson's perfect verses
Achieve no more than courtly credit;

As though the delicate enslavement
Wherewith he keeps the town in
thrall
Ended with suburbs and the pavement
About St. James's and Whitehall.

But one, at least, who closer reads
him,

Sees through the sober cit's disguise
The passion of the heart that leads
him,

The living Pan that in him lies.

* * * * *

And so our Bard, who will not jeopard
The name that to a god belongs,
Assumes the ribboned Watteau shep-
herd

And fobs us off with dainty songs.

Ah, if he chose to drop this magic—
Show himself Playwright! Sweep the
stage

With comedies and humorous tragic—
How rich were we, and rich this Age!

The Pen that gave us Porcelain Scenes
and

Ballades on satin, now, at leisure,
Could give us pathos like Racine's, and
Satire like Plautus' at its pleasure.

Retired at last to sylvan Arbors,
Change, Sir, the lute for louder
Chords;

Exchange your Board of Docks and
Harbors

For triumphs on still greater Boards:

Sir, write us Plays! Take sock and
buskin—

Steele comes to life—Rise, Gold-
smith's heir!

Cyrano's windbag stick your tusk in,
And be our Congreve—our Molière!

THE SEA HATH MANY THOUSAND SANDS.

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many,
The skie is full of starres, and love
As full of woes as any;
Beleeve me, that doe knowe the elfe,
And make no tryall by thyselfe.

It is in trueth a prettle toyne
For babes to play withall;
But O! the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Selfe-prooфе in time will make thee
know
He was a prophet told thee so.

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
Tels trueth without beliefe;
For headstrong youth will runne his
race
Although his goale be grieve;
Love's martyr when his heate is past,
Prooves Care's confessor at the last.

Robert Jones.

From "Muses' Garden for Delights."

BLOW, WINDS OF ARDS!

The hillside road with hawthorns gay,
How sweet, as upward climbing,
The sea winds round me swirl and play
And set my lips a-rhyming!

From lough to sea the breezes roll,
With scents of field and ocean,
And all the forces of my soul
Awake in blithe emotion.

Blue waves are leaping in the sun,
Red sails and white sails dancing,
And golden holt and fallow dun
In leagues of light are glancing.

Blow, winds of Ards, through furze
and may,
Your flight from heaven down wing-
ing,
Blow, winds of Ards, from bay to bay,
And set my heart a-singing!

George Francis Savage-Armstrong.

GIBRALTAR.

Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven
days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening screen'd by either
shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are
o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe; mistress as of yore
Of this fair earth and of the hearts of
men.
Ay, this is the fair rock which Her-
cules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At
this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear
the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the
breeze,
And at the summons of the rock gun's
roar
To see her redcoats marching from the
hill!

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

ABSENCE.

When my love was away,
Full three days were not sped,
I caught my fancy astray
Thinking if she were dead,

And I alone, alone;
It seem'd in my misery
In all the world was none
Ever so lone as I.

I wept; but it did not shame
Nor comfort my heart; away
I rode as I might, and came
To my love at close of day.

The sight of her still'd my fears,
My fairest-hearted love:
And yet in her eyes were tears.
Which, when I question'd of,

"O now thou art come," she cried,
"Tis fled; but I thought to-day
I never could here abide,
If thou wert longer away."

Robert Bridges.